DEC. 4, 1937

Literary DIGEST

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DON'T SET THE BRAKES!

TWENTY years ago the United States government took over the American railroads as a war measure.

It gave those roads back to their owners in 1920—on the eve of a depression.

And it gave them back with operating costs thrown all out of balance with income under a law which put rigid limits on earnings but made no provision for future losses.

Then started an uphill job. Stretching ahead of railroad men and management were such tough problems as these:

They had to find ways to meet greatly increased operating costs with lagging revenues.

They had to repair and replace war-worn equipment.

They had to face new forms of competition.

They had to serve a nation increasing in population—extending its industrial frontiers—demanding better transportation than ever before.

And they had to operate under rules, regulations and restrictions more complex and bewildering than those imposed on any other business in America.

It was a job to test courage and challenge enterprise—but the railroads started the long slow climb.

Let us look now at the progress they have made: Great new locomotives have been developed—twice as able as the engines of 17 years ago.

Freight moves today 50% faster than in 1922.

Curves have been straightened — stronger bridges built — thousands of miles of heavier rails laid to make safe speed possible.

Safety has steadily advanced — for passengers and railroad employes — and the magnificent safety record of the railroads has won universal recognition.

Everyone is familiar with the streamlined trains, air conditioning, and all the other improvements pioneered for passenger comfort.

And the American railroads pay a tax bill of close to a million dollars a day.

When you sum up the record of American railroad progress in the face of all obstacles, it packs into this:

They deliver the finest railroad service in the world—so fine that delegations from foreign countries regularly visit America to study their methods.

They haul freight at the lowest railroad rates in the world—moving a ton a mile for an average revenue of less than one cent. Today's average freight revenue is 23½% lower than the peak of 1921, shortly after Government operation ended.

And with all this, *they pay the highest railroad wages in the world.*

Meanwhile the mountain of regulation has piled steadily higher—under state law as well as federal.

An immediate threat is the TRAIN-LIMIT-BILL in Congress — a bill to put an arbitrary limit on the length of freight trains and so to force the railroads to run more trains than are needed to handle the Nation's business. This "make-work" bill is proposed under the pretext of safety.

In face of the fact that the American railroads have reduced accidents to employes by three-fourths in the past fifteen years, the same years in which the railroads developed longer and faster trains for better service—

In face of the fact that the more trains you run the *greater* the chances of accident, especially at grade crossings—

In face of the fact that this one law would add more per year to the cost of railroad operation than the *total* cost of all air conditioning to date—*this bill has already passed the Senate.*

The harm of this legislation is measured in more than money-cost, great as that will be. It wipes out the major benefits of the fine new equipment, tracks and terminals the railroads have developed for handling freight today—*but more important still it stymies progress, and hamstrings future initiative, enterprise and invention.*

Do you want the advancement of the nation's basic transportation system brought to a standstill? If not—it's up to you!

Don't set the brakes on railroad progress!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Give and Take

Defiant gesture

Ada, O.—The conclusion that President Roosevelt's calling a special session of Congress was a "defiant gesture" against those responsible for defeating his program last session, seems reasonable.

To suppose that the call is a master stroke of some grand but inscrutable strategy is to attribute to the President a prescience he seems to have lost in his second administration. It is difficult to see how anything of advantage to himself, his party, or the nation can come out of the special session.

The effect of the work of our national legislature on business is absurdly exaggerated. It is but one more illustration of our propensity to find scapegoats for the behavior of economic barometers instead of seeking the fundamental factors accounting for business conditions. Scapegoats save us the trouble of thinking.—*W. E. Binkley, professor of history, Ohio Northern University*

Excessive, arbitrary

Princeton, N. J.—Although there are many causes, both national and international, contributing to the recent stock-market slump, by far the most important one is fear of Washington on the part of our financial and business leaders. Upon the future initiative and confidence of these men the country must chiefly depend for any enduring forward movement.

This fear is a powerful force in a market made thin by unsound taxes, like those on undistributed corporate earnings and on capital gains, and by governmental regulations that are in many respects excessive, uncertain in their interpretation, and arbitrary.—*E. W. Kemmerer, professor of international finance, Princeton University*

Back to the land

Bardley, Mo.—After holding a high salaried position, I became, at 53, unemployed. Failing to get relief, I was forced to retire to a ranch I owned in Missouri on which there was nothing but trees and a stream—no shelter of any kind. I slept under the trees, did my cooking in the open, and drank from and bathed in the stream.

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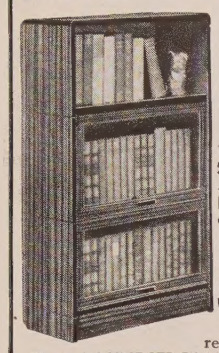

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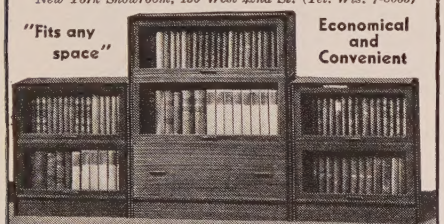

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It has taken me six years to acquire a one-room house of rough boards, a henhouse, a granary, a dozen hens, and a sow that steadfastly refuses to "find" pigs. I have a garden, but the going has been far from smooth; I still cannot count on two meals ahead.

A short while ago, through a newspaper want ad, I offered the remainder, except 20 acres, in 5- and 10-acre plots, to poor people for no down payment, no payment for a year, no taxes, and monthly payments thereafter in any small amounts they would agree to meet.

I was literally swamped by inquiries carrying tales of unbelievable poverty. I replied to each, mentioning the cost of

equipment that would be necessary, which, as all had dependents, ran as high as $50.

There the business ended. I concluded that the initial outlay was too much for them, but I had discovered that many of the "reliefers" were anxious to till some of our stagnant acres. I feel sure that had the government given them the chance of being rehabilitated on land to be paid for slowly, many of them would have chosen the land rather than an insufficient dole.—*Harold D. Boehm*

Sportlight

New York, N. Y.—I have just read your article on Ted Husing. He is one of the best sports announcers I have ever heard. He is equally good at any form of sport—football, baseball, track and field. He not only has a pleasing voice, but also a thorough knowledge of the different sports he sends over the air.—*Grantland Rice*

From Cuba libre

Isle of Pines, Cuba.—The reasons for the assaults against communism by fascism and capitalism are obvious. Communism does away with the cause for power, plunder, and war by providing all men alike with all the bountiful supplies of nature.

Our American democracy was established to escape the human inequalities of the feudal barons, to escape the causes of the French Revolution and the inquisitions of old Spain. American democracy aspired to a socialist or communist system of government, but we carried over some of the ludicrous ideologies of the old world. Therefore, the ideal democratic system, for the common welfare of the people, was never attained. We have, however, an ideal substitute.—*Juan Amon-Wilkins*

Mother's arms

Washington, D. C.—Your article, "Portugal's Choice," is a well-balanced and realistic survey of the possibilities regarding the ultimate destiny of Portugal's colonial empire.

If I may venture one criticism, it is that no distinction was textually made between the colonies, in the strict sense, and the two island-groups, the Azores and Madeira. These latter, solidly Portuguese in blood, language, and culture, are regarded in Portugal, and regard themselves, as integral parts of the mother country. It is inconceivable that any Portuguese government could alienate them politically.—*Lothrop Stoddard*

No danger spot

New York, N. Y.—I read your article on Czechoslovakia with great interest, although I do not think it does full justice to our cause.

Czechoslovakia does not present a "danger spot" in Europe. I know this to be one of the arguments of National Socialist propaganda, but I fail to understand how a well organized country which pursues a middle course in economic, social, and political problems, supported by the vast majority of its citizens, and having no aggressive plans against its neighbors, could represent in any manner a "Czech Danger Spot."

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Similarly, I do not understand how anyone acquainted with the situation could ask, "Will a sprawling land in Central Europe, called Czechoslovakia, ignite the second World War?" Or why the writer calls the country "very jittery." Our people are going quietly about their work, and the process of internal consolidation is steadily advancing.—*Josef Hanc, Czechoslovak Consul General*

Statesmanship

New York, N. Y.—"Czech Danger Spot" is interesting, but it overlooks two points of importance.

First, the writer fails to realize that the Germans in Czechoslovakia have had a number of real grievances which, for a long time, the Czech authorities virtually ignored. Second, German policy is rather to bring pressure upon Czechoslovakia in the hope of gradually forcing the latter to realign its policy to conform with that of Berlin, than to launch a war or to instigate a revolution in that country.

The real security of Central Europe depends, moreover, upon the development of Danubian collaboration. Whether or not this result can be attained depends primarily upon the statesmanship of Czechoslovakia and of Hungary.—*Raymond Leslie Buell, president, Foreign Policy Association.*

Wall Street normalcy

Washington, D. C.—Among the various causes of the present slump, the one that appears to me to be most important for the future is that the administration has turned off government inflation and has not released the brakes on Wall Street inflation, or "normalcy," as it was called in 1921, during the Harding period.

A proper program now would include a resumption of public spending, together with heavier income taxation to balance the budget. The pressure for normalcy is, however, extremely strong. If the administration should yield, a boom followed by collapse could be expected. I believe a repetition of the policies of 1921-29 would endanger the stability of democracy quite seriously.—*David Cushman Coyle*

Ecclesiastical imagination

Miami, Fla.—The idea that the liberalizing of divorce can be kept alive only if the Protestant Episcopal Church of America wills it is not in accord with modern trends. Actually, organized religion has practically ceased to be a leader of current thought.

The history of the Christian churches shows them to have been a consistent enemy of sex during their entire existence. One large body still clings to formal adherence to celibacy. However, not having been able to eliminate the sex instinct, the ecclesiastical bodies have claimed to be the sole arbiters of its practice.

Recently there has been an increasing challenge to the churches' leading claim to be the sole avenue of escape to heaven. The authoritarian churches have always seen themselves as the tollgate keepers on the only road to salvation—a presumption which nowadays causes no more than a smile. Only the lowest part of our citizenry still fears the literal hell of the ecclesiastical imagination.—*D. H. Wesley*

Whither names?

Lindsay, Calif.—In the article "Weather Names," I notice the name of White Cloud, Michigan, which the writer correctly assumes to be of Indian origin. The town was named for the beloved Indian Chief White Cloud, who, according to legend, was a great friend of the

white settlers. A peace treaty between his tribe and the settlers was concluded near the present site of the town, hence the name.

Unfortunately, many of the picturesque origins of the names of our cities and towns are being lost, partly through carelessness in historical writing, partly through the typical American egotism which plays up the "heroic" conquest of the Indians, but ignores their finer qualities and the dependence of settlers on friendly Indians.—*Luella Rettinhouse*

Family man

Winnett, Mont.—You have given considerable space to criticism of the Department of Agriculture and the policy it pursues. You overlook one thing: It is not the duty of the American farmer to take the place of the American Red Cross or the Salvation Army in looking out for the poor and underprivileged. It is the duty of society as a whole to remedy the situation so that there need be none who cannot afford milk for his children or a decent place to live.

The administration has shown much more concern for agriculture as a class than it has for the underprivileged who were in far worse straits than the farmer—he at least has a roof over his head and plenty to eat. Furthermore, it has shown nearly as much consideration for the single person as it has for the man with a large family. The single person can get a job today. He is in a position to move where work is. This is often most difficult for the average family man.—*William Bennett*

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STORMY WEATHER: William B. Bankhead, Speaker of the House, is already in a quandary over the demands of various groups in the special session of Congress

Story of a Week

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soups from the cook's own ladles.

NOT IN Hamelin Town of Pied Piper fame, but in Detroit, Michigan. "There are more than a million rats in Detroit," Police Commissioner Heinrich A. Pickert told the Detroit *News*. "Cats here are too well fed to make good ratters. Why, a neighborhood cat climbed into a garbage can and picked around for tidbits. Two rats climbed in beside him. They ate their dinner six inches from the cat's nose. The cat paid no attention."

Cats failing, last month a citizens' brigade, including three women, hunted rats to their lair. A water hose brought them into the open. Women screamed, wavered, stood fast and slashed about with clubs. Fatalities were high, escapes more numerous. Commissioner Pickert revised his count: "There are billions of rats in Detroit! Yes, billions!"

One woman defended her prize-winning, long-haired Persian. "Punky is well fed," she said, "but last Thursday night he killed five rats and he gets at least one rat every night."

"I was amused," wrote a Detroit *News* correspondent, "to read Commissioner Pickert's statement that cats are being so generously fed on canned salmon that they are too lazy to fight rats. Only the well-fed cat will hunt mice and then only for entertainment. No cat ever will hunt rats—and a battle with a rat is usually a tough one."

Meanwhile, out in Shelton, Washington, says the Associated Press, rats stole all the traps set for them last week. Woodsmen sent a cat after the rats. The cat was found later, caught in a trap the rats had stolen.

THIS WEEK

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LITERARY DIGEST *receives special news service from United Press*

FILIBUSTER in the Senate

CONGRESS met in special session to counteract the business recession and consider new farm and labor legislation. Instead, in its early hours, it discussed 5113 ghosts—of the people lynched in this country since 1882 when statistics began to be kept.

A filibuster always starts when talk of a federal anti-lynching bill is heard on Capitol Hill. Congress has debated federal action to curb lynchings for thirty-five years. In 1922 the Dyer bill, passed by the House, was killed in the Senate by a filibuster. Dilatory tactics by Southern Senators balked legislation again in 1935. In the spring of 1937 the House passed an anti-lynching bill, inflicting fed-

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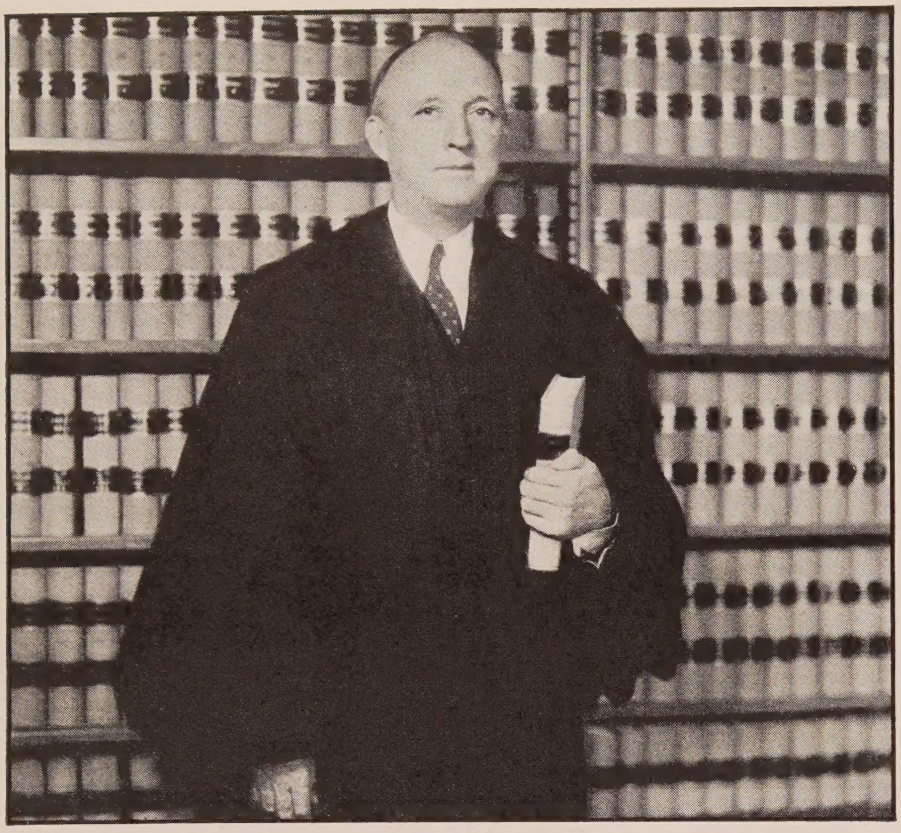


AMMUNITION FOR FILIBUSTER in the Senate recently was the reading of an anti-lynching bill speech made by Justice Hugo L. Black two years ago when he was Senator. Justice Black is the hardest man in Washington to corner with a camera

eral punishment on local officials who surrender prisoners to lynch mobs. When Senators Wagner (New York) and Van Nuys (Indiana), both Democrats, pressed a similar bill in the Senate last August, a filibuster was averted only by a compromise giving the bill right of way at the present session. Which merely delayed the filibuster.

The most eloquent of the filibusters this year was Senator Tom Connally of Texas. "Mucilaginous, outrageous, pusillanimous," he called the bill. He mocked "long-distance reformers" who would "turn our gangsters loose, turn our racketeers loose, but for God's sake civilize those Southerners." He urged Senator Wagner to mind his own business and—the Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News* reported—"listen to the staccato noise of machine guns" in New York. "I am against lynching; it is murder," Connally cried. "But I am also opposed to lynching the Constitution of the United States." Like Connally, other opponents of the bill also contended that it would destroy states' rights.

Senator Barkley of Kentucky, Democratic majority leader, who watched the bill make a split in his party, admitted that it has the votes to pass if it can overcome the filibuster. The Southerners, however, prevented action until the farm measure was introduced last week and took precedence over the Wagner-Van Nuys bill. Meanwhile newspaper editors and others interested in the proposal entered the debate with vigor (see page 12).

Pleading for Congressional action, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People declared that, despite state anti-lynching laws, no punishment has been inflicted in 99.2 per cent of all lynchings. Since the World War 600 persons have been lynched, although in the last few years the number has greatly decreased. Thirteen persons were lynchers' victims in 1936. Eight have been lynched so far this year: three in Florida, two in Mississippi, one each in Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee. In none of this year's cases has there been even an arrest.

WAR and the ballot box

"I HAVE seen war. I have seen war on land and sea. I have seen blood running from the wounded. I have seen men coughing out their gassed lungs. I have seen the dead in the mud. I have seen cities destroyed. I have seen children starving. I have seen the agonies of mothers and wives. I hate war! I have passed unnumbered hours, I shall pass unnumbered hours, thinking and planning how war may be kept from this nation."

So said President Roosevelt at Chautauqua, New York, on August 14, 1936. The other day two constitutional amendments, identical in purpose, were offered in the Senate by Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin and Arthur Capper of Kansas to aid in "planning how war may be kept from this nation." The amendments pluck from Congress authority to declare war or conscript men for service overseas unless such action is approved in a nation-wide referendum. The only exception made is "in the event of invasion of or military expedition against the United States or . . . any other North American or Caribbean nation."

"The people who are going to do the dying and suffering and paying have a right to vote," declared La Follette.

The proposals swiftly brought conflicting reactions. "I think," said Senator Gerald Nye of North Dakota, "that it would be fair to limit voting in the referendum to men of military age [the proposed amendments would permit men and women of all ages to vote]. After all, they are the potential victims of war. It would be ethical to let them make a decision so vital to themselves."

Representative Maury Maverick of Texas dissented: "I can't see any sense in restricting voting to potential soldiers. I ran off to war myself as a volunteer and then realized I was a damn fool. I wouldn't do it again today. My son is 16. He'd be in favor of war because he doesn't know any better. They'll be eligible to slaughter him in two years now. Today the public probably would vote 6 to 1 against war. Most of those voting against it would be older people."

Representative J. Mark Wilcox of Florida, author of the Air Defense Act, thought the referendum unwise. "There would be quarreling over how to hold it and meantime the war machine of the opposing power would be at work."

Senator Clyde L. Herring of Iowa saw no need of a vote. "If we're going to have a referendum on every conceivable subject we might just as well abolish representative government and revert to town hall meetings. It would be unwise to restrict voting to men who would have to serve. Everybody has something at stake in war-time. Parents have sons, sisters have brothers, girls have sweethearts. Besides, youth craves action. Perhaps its decision wouldn't be fortunate."

STIMULANTS for business

AS MEASURED by the LITERARY DIGEST index (see page 31), the level of general business activity has fallen 2 points from a week previous and 5 points from the prior week. Industrial production alone has plummeted 27 points from its July figure. From the preceding week, freight carloadings are off 1 point; steel production, 7 points; and automobile production, 15 points..

To keep such indexes from sliding further, the New Deal last week attacked the slump on a variety of fronts.

In Congress, the House Ways and Means Tax subcommittee dissected and probed two taxes onerous to business men: the surplus profits and capital gains levies. The 1936 surplus profits tax provides that corporations must pay a tax

varying between 7 and 27 per cent on all net income not distributed to stockholders. The capital gains levy has this feature to which business men object: a sliding tax on profits arising from the sale of securities (or real estate or other capital assets). By last week, the House subcommittee had tentatively exempted from the surplus profits tax all corporations earning $5000 annually or less.

In the White House, President Roosevelt furthered his plans for a huge housing program to be financed by private capital. Behind the drive is the administration's effort to revive residential construction (one of the sore spots of the present recession), and hence the lagging capital goods industries. Also, last week, the President planned to meet with public utility executives to compose the New Deal's differences with the utilities.

While the New Deal doctors planned their revival treatment, panaceas came popping up from private diagnosticians. In response to an Associated Press inquiry, a dozen assorted economists suggested these four stimulants: 1. Abolish the tax on undistributed profits. 2. Revise or abolish the tax on capital gains. 3. End "government competition" with business. 4. Bolster public confidence by definitely indicating an intention to balance the budget.

PHOTOS FROM ACME

MAIL FOR THE JOBLESS: Forgotten men the country over got a communication from Franklin D. Roosevelt on November 16, as postmen delivered 85 million questionnaires for an unemployment census. Returns will be available in January

WINGS over the Atlantic

"AIRCRAFT will soon be a serious competitor in the overseas fast express and passenger trade, which is now being largely served by the superliner."

So stated a report submitted the other day by Joseph P. Kennedy, chairman of the United States Maritime Commission, who cited "the swift advance and the increasingly impressive performance of transoceanic aviation."

He therefore proposed that Congress authorize loans up to 75 per cent of the cost of building aircraft for overseas trade. He argued that "a fleet of eighteen flying boats, on a daily service of three planes a day, would offer the same total passenger capacity per year as a superliner, at a production cost for building the planes estimated at $18,000,000, against an American production cost of $50,000,000 for the superliner."

Already, declares the Washington *Post*, "records established by Pan American Airways, in spanning the Pacific for a year without accident or appreciable interruption of schedule, have advanced in-

CURRENT OPINION: Capital gains, surplus profits taxes hit the editors' firing-line

MODIFICATION of the undistributed profits tax and the capital gains tax is imperative.—*Senator Harrison (Mississippi).*

It is said that measures of this sort hamper and worry business men, thus rendering them disinclined to invest. It is hardly likely that anybody would fail to make a profitable investment just because his profits will be taxed.—*George Soule in New Republic.*

Most writers who want those lunatic taxes revised are those who are interested only in restoration of greater business activity and higher wages and employment everywhere and who argue that these taxes are the greatest barrier to such restoration.—*Hugh S. Johnson in New York World-Telegram.*

The drive for the repeal of the taxes on undistributed profits and capital gains is merely an entering wedge for a much broader offensive against the fundamental economic and political rights of the American people. And those who would buy off the wolves of Wall Street by tossing them the bone of tax relief merely encourage them to sink their teeth into all social legislation.—*Daily Worker (Communist).*

The only cure for the capital gains and the profits taxes, oppressive alike to industry and labor, is straight repeal. —*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The strength of the capital gains tax, judged by experience, is the disinclination of Congress to give up so great a source of revenue and to remove a tax from wealthy persons in a position to make large amounts of money. It is hard politically to justify to the mass of the people the absolute removal of such a levy.—*Springfield Republican.*

They have halted the development of new industries, based on new inventions —always speculative ventures. They have driven capital away from investment in actual production and into tax-exempt bonds. They have restricted expansion of small industries, which always depended for capital either upon offering small low-priced stocks, which the public might take as a speculation, or upon building up capital reserves out of profits. These two taxes must be radically changed if the present tendency is to be halted.—*Dorothy Thompson in New York Herald Tribune.*

Mr. Winthrop W. Aldrich thinks the way to give the American business man "confidence" is to cut taxes. If his theories are correct, the American business man must have been at the peak of his confidence in 1932. There was no corporate surplus tax. There was no SEC. There was in fact no New Deal. But the American business man was far from being confident . . . he had no customers.—*New York Post.*

PHOTOS FROM ACME

CAPTIVES OF WAR: Chinese prisoners roped together are led away by Japanese troops after the fall of Shanghai. It is reported that the morale of the Chinese soldiers has been seriously undermined by the series of Japanese victories

tercontinental flying from the realm of fancy into that of fact." Besides spanning the Caribbean and flying to Bermuda, Pan American is building six new four-motor, 42½-ton, fifty-passenger Boeings to inaugurate mail and express service to England and Australasia.

In the immediate future, Mr. Kennedy predicted, sixty-ton flying boats will be built with a speed of 175 miles an hour and a flying range of 5000 miles. Passenger fares under present conditions, he estimated, would be only slightly higher than those charged by superliners. Moreover, the air lines would make money, while superliners were declared to be expensive luxuries and "economically unsound." Flying boats, Mr. Kennedy declared, are as comfortable as superliners and six times as fast: "A New York business man could take the proposed flying boat service to London, spend three days there, and be back in his office in the time required to cross one way in a superliner."

He warned American shipping companies that failure to enter the flying boat field "may prove quite shortsighted." Already the Matson, United States, and American Export Lines are planning to include air services. "The time is near," the Baltimore *Sun* quoted him as saying,

CURRENT OPINION: Great Britain and America react to the proposed trade treaty

SUCH A PACT might markedly widen the area of freer world trade.—*Washington Post.*

There is a special danger to be avoided if the treaty is to have the backing of American opinion. It will be most unfortunate if the impression should prevail that part of the bargain is political support of British diplomacy and British political undertakings in various parts of the world.—*Springfield Republican.*

With more goods to be moved, more ships would have to be used (maybe more built); railroads would have to carry more freight, and so would truck lines; more locomotives, railroad cars, meaning more steel, would be needed; hotels would have to house more traveling salesmen. So it would go—a general stimulation—a scientific attack on the recession. We hope the pact may be concluded speedily.—*New York Daily News.*

You remember what President Wilson said in 1915: "England is fighting our fight and I shall not, in the present state of affairs, place obstacles in her way." And so we opened a friendly ear to English propaganda. This country drifted into war. It is happening again. —*New York Daily Mirror.*

It not only sets an impressive example to the world at large, but makes a definite break in the vicious circle of exclusiveness and restriction which so grievously crippled international trade that hindered recovery after the post-war depression.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

In some quarters the fine promise of the new and valuable understanding between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations is being given a political interpretation; it is being hinted that the two chief democracies are aligning themselves against non-democratic countries. No view could be falser.—*London Daily Mail.*

It is the single sign of returning sanity.—*London Daily Herald.*

An Anglo-American agreement is the only hope of immediate improvement. It is as clearly and as unquestionably an essential preliminary for disarmament in the economic sphere as it is in the naval.—*London Economist.*

"when the steamship will give way to the flying ship in express service just as sail gave way to steam."

In line with the readjustment of sea lanes, the Grace Steamship Lines are transferring the luxurious *Santa Rosa, Santa Elena*, and *Santa Paula* from the New York-California run to the more lucrative trade between New York and the Caribbean. The Panama-Pacific Line and the United Fruit Company are also diverting ships from the intercoastal to the South American run.

HULL hooks a whale

SEVEN YEARS AGO, when Herbert Hoover was President, Congress passed the high Hawley-Smoot tariff. Two years later Great Britain retaliated with the Ottawa agreements which replaced free trade with tariffs favoring her dominions over other nations. As a result, American trade with Britain and Canada, our two best customers, slumped.

In 1929, before the tariff was started, the United States had exports of $848,000,000 to the United Kingdom and $329,751,000 in imports. Last year the total had shrunk to $440,122,000 exports and $200,385,000 imports. Something had to be done, the administration concluded.

In 1934 Congress gave the President power to cut existing tariffs up to 50 per cent in return for similar concessions from other countries. Thus authorized, Secretary of State Cordell Hull went fishing in the stream of international commerce. He caught some sixteen fish, some of them little minnows from Central America, some of them giant tunas, such as Canada, France, Cuba and the Dutch Empire. Now, at last, he has hooked the whale—Great Britain.

The other day Secretary Hull in Washington and Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain in London announced simultaneously that the United States and Great Britain had agreed to negotiate a reciprocal pact which will end the trade squabble between the two nations.

ABOUT FACE by Quezon?

"THIS army that has paraded before us, sir, is not only the Philippine army. It is your army because, under the Independence Act, the President of the United States, whom you represent, has power to call it out in defense of the American flag and also because the Filipino people would gladly do so in recognition of what you have done for us."

So said Manuel Quezon, President of the 7083 Philippine Islands, to United States Commissioner Paul V. McNutt, as they reviewed a parade of 13,000 troops in Manila some days ago.

Instantly cables hummed with interpretations. Quezon had helped to win independence for the Filipinos. "I would rather live under a government run like hell by Filipinos than one run like heaven by Americans," he had told Congressmen in 1922. In 1934 Congress passed the Independence Act, providing complete independence for the Philippines in 1946. Quezon thereupon came to Washington and demanded liberty sooner—in 1939 or 1940. Was he now dropping his fight and suggesting that Uncle Sam keep the Philippines as a Pacific dominion?

The Baltimore *Sun* thought Japan's invasion of China had frightened the Filipino; he now "sees in the tie with the United States an unsuspected asset."

But, in Manila, Quezon refused to urge a dominion status. He said the proposal, if made, should come from someone else. "If anybody wants a dominion status, let him bring it out," he told Manila correspondents.

Washington was cool. Senator Gerald P. Nye, of North Dakota, was "completely unimpressed." If we keep the Philippines, he said, "I should insist that the cost of fortifying the islands should be borne entirely by the Filipinos."

BIG PUSH by Japan

ALL JAPAN was happy last week as reports indicated that the men of Nippon were advancing on every front.

Up north, the Japanese military machine rolled on toward Tsinan, capital of Shantung province, the only province in North China not yet captured by Japan.

In central China, Japanese troops (aided by dry weather) pushed on toward Nanking, capital and military nerve-center of the Chinese Government. By the time Japanese outposts had come within 100 miles of the beleaguered city, Nanking was no longer a "capital," or even much of a city. The capital had been moved for "strategic purposes" to Chungking, 750 miles farther west. Only officers and a few government officials remained.

In four months of war, moreover, Nanking had lost 800,000 of its 1,000,000 inhabitants. Civilians fled by foot, boats, automobiles, rickshas and wheelbarrows for safer points in the interior. Peasants and townspeople, wounded soldiers and merchants, old and young, rich and poor—all struggled to escape.

Finally, in Shanghai, the commercial metropolis which fell to Japan two weeks ago, a spokesman for the Japanese Embassy demanded sovereignty rights over the International Settlement and the French Concession. In everyday parlance this meant: the suppression of anti-Japanese activity, the censorship of communications, and the diversion to Japan of customs revenues which previously went to China.

In a copyright cable to the Chicago *Daily News*, Reginald Sweetland attributed Japan's success to "Japanese bombers [which] have succeeded in completely wrecking all Chinese lines of communications . . . [and] . . . secondary lines of defense." Refusing to accept this verdict, China's Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek declared: "China is unconquerable: the Chinese nation cannot be destroyed."

Meanwhile, the Chinese Foreign Office worked overtime to win outside help. In Brussels, the conference of nineteen powers discussing the Far Eastern war branded Japan's course as "illegal," hoped for peace, and petered out. Dr. Wellington Koo, the Chinese delegate, found himself "distressed and disappointed." Elsewhere, Chinese diplomats pleaded for world-wide economic sanctions against Japan. But this, warned Tokyo, would be viewed by Japan as a hostile act.

Sanctions or no sanctions, Russia began to act. In Shanghai, the Associated Press "learned authoritatively . . . that more than fifty Soviet-made fighting planes had been flown into China from Russia . . . which coincided with a reported decision of Russia to abandon further material support of the Spanish Government and to use the Trans-Siberian railroad exclusively for moving military supplies.

MASKED revolt unmasked

FRENCH "G-men" spent last week sweeping across France in a series of movie-thriller raids to unmask a secret political order of "Hooded Ones." Police

DEATH STRUCK from the air at Lerida, Spain, when bombs from rebel planes killed 120. A new-made widow grieves beside her husband's body

ACME

PRAYERS OF THE AGED: Each November for 300 years the ceremony of the Procession of the Candles has been held at Montaigu, Belgium. Faith burns strongly in the faces of these devout old women as they thrust their candles in the ground

suspected that this organization of alleged rightists was planning an armed revolt against the leftist government.

In the heart of Paris, police took the lining out of Louis XIVth armchairs and ripped upholstery samples apart in a musty antique shop; inspected a maze of rooms in a luxurious suburban chateau; poked about the cellar of a garage; climbed on and off trucks drawn up at the curbs of narrow streets; dug up a private garden; and rummaged through a number of houses. What they found were two tons of arms, ammunition and high explosives—enough, they said, to equip "a small army" and blow up "a quarter of Paris."

What the police did not find were the master minds behind this phantom army. Nevertheless, they hinted that "important personalities" were involved. "The higher-ups of the plot," Ralph E. Heinzen of the United Press gathered, "were believed to have escaped abroad and the eight men and women already in prison were described as small fry."

For fear of an outbreak, the government took extreme precautions. Ministries and the Chamber of Deputies were surrounded by reinforced military guards with orders to shoot to kill. Frontiers, airports and railway stations were closely watched. The Surete Nationale (the French equivalent of Scotland Yard) sent secret agents scurrying to the four corners of France, received their reports, and ordered 450 more raids.

In France, where a sharp division exists in politics between the left and right, these disclosures created an uproar. The government charged that the hooded terrorists received aid from Spanish insurgents and other foreign regimes. With feeling, Premier Camille Chautemps faced an anxious Chamber of Deputies. "I wish to speak," he said, "of an affair, the size of which, the money spent and the origin of arms seized represent a situation of terrible gravity."

Under a deluge of charges and countercharges, the press split wide open. Rightist papers shouted "hoax." The leftist government, they charged, was deliberately exaggerating the plot in order to injure politicians of the right. The Paris *Soir,* leading leftist paper, thought otherwise. The plot, it held, was so well developed that "a high military personality —one whispers the name of a marshal of France—has been approached by a group asking if he would preside over a new [military] government."

HALIFAX and Hitler

LAST WEEK, immediately after the visit to Germany of the British Lord Halifax, Hitler delivered a speech on colonies at Augsburg, declaring to several thousand brownshirts: "The living-space of our people is too small. The world seeks to avoid examination of this problem, but it is unable to do so. Some day the world will be forced to consider our demands." He added that he expected no colonial deal advantageous to Germany for five or six years.

Meanwhile, from a five-day exploratory trip to Hitler and his lieutenants, Lord President of the Council Halifax returned to London to report on the confidential conferences he had held in Germany.

To the *National Zeitung* of Essen, though German-English relations "at times have been unfavorable," the Halifax visit has showed "that difficulties can be overcome." Foreign Secretary Eden's *Yorkshire Post,* however, was less optimistic: "If the Halifax visit," it declared, "is to have any real effect in lessening international uncertainties, German policy in and out of Europe must be made plain."

Halifax was sent to Germany by his fellow cabinet members to sound out the nazi leadership as to their foreign aims and ambitions. He is a horseman and fox-hunter, and it was ostensibly to interest himself in German field sports that his excursion was undertaken.

As to himself—

Edward Frederick Lindley Wood, Third Viscount Halifax and First Baron Irwin of Kirby Underdale, is 56 years old. He married Lady Dorothy Evelyn Augusta Onslow, daughter of an ermined earl, in 1909 and is the father of three sons and one daughter.

By nature he is deeply religious, gentle and spiritual, and interested in High Church ritual and kindred affairs.

Lord Halifax went to aristocratic Eton school and Christ Church College at Oxford, served in Parliament through the World War, and became Under-Secretary for Colonies thereafter. He became Viceroy of India in 1926. Here he remained until 1931, encountering the Gandhi campaign of passive non-resistance with understanding toleration. Last week all Europe wondered just what his meaningful visit to Germany and his secret talks there had produced.

PYTHON in Indo-China

SOUTH of China lies the French colony of Indo-China, acquired by force from the Chinese in 1886. To the east is the Pacific Ocean; to the west are Siam and her sacred white elephants.

Now a weird new religion arises in Indo-China and, reports the United Press, spreads like wildfire among the 22 million natives. Its god is a great python, which legend states was born of a woman. The python, named Mamad Dam Klan, speaks like a man and has a human intermediary named Dam Bam. This Dam Bam (who has never been seen) issues "commandments" which worry the French administrators.

Committees in the native villages are authorized to make decrees in the name of Dam Klan, and a final day of reckoning is predicted on which, amid all sorts of wild natural phenomena—earthquakes, hurricanes, floods—foreigners will ignominiously perish.

The French dread a concealed independence movement masked behind religious mummery. Dam Klan, they fear, is the code name for a secret revolutionary committee. A Dam Klan religious precept,

to kill all white animals, could presage a wholesale attack on white humans. The Dam Klan cult has raised considerable cash from its tawny supporters. For some secret revolutionary war chest? The French ruling caste wonders.

HONORS for Cecil

"No one now living has labored longer or more creatively for the establishment of law among the nations," the New York *Times* declared of Lord Cecil during his recent visit here.

The high point of that visit came when two signal honors were conferred on the distinguished Briton on the same day. For his work in behalf of world peace Columbia University made him an honorary Doctor of Laws. Only a few minutes earlier he had learned of the second honor, announced in this Associated Press dispatch to New York from Stockholm, Sweden: "The 1937 Nobel Peace Prize was awarded today to Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, one of the founders of the League of Nations and a leading advocate of disarmament. The former British cabinet member was selected because of his work in the League and his efforts to promote international good will. The prize is worth 158,000 Swedish kroner (about $40,600)."

Cordell Hull, American Secretary of State, had also been considered for the award, several Latin-American republics sponsoring his candidacy because of friendly memories of his part in the Pan-American Conference last year.

Viscount Cecil, now 73, has acted as Lord Privy Seal, Foreign Under Secretary, Minister of Blockade in the World War, and president of British universities. "Very gratified" by the Nobel Prize, he offered this formula for peace in a radio broadcast over the NBC Blue network:

"As soon as war definitely threatens, the peace-loving powers should meet. . . . They should immediately take precautions such as requiring the withdrawal of troops, the abandonment of the preparations for war, the submission of the dispute to arbitration, and so on. If either party refuses to comply, they should then consider what form of pressure should be applied. A scheme should be formally drawn up to prevent war if possible, and, if not, to stop it. Then a clear and definite agreement should be made that the peace-keepers will all take the necessary measures and see the thing through."

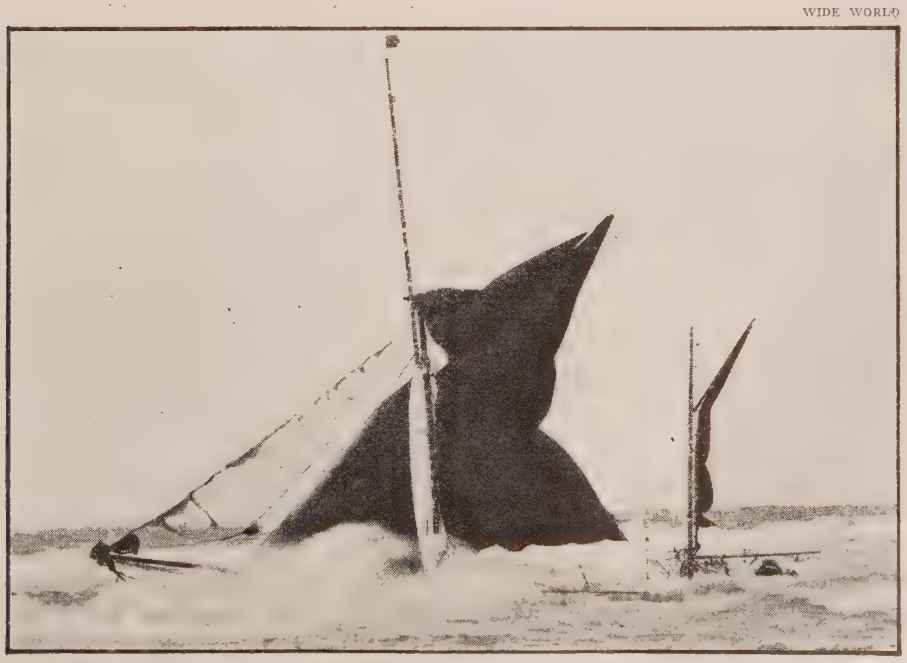
SCORE for Italy

Territorial wrangles at the close of the World World and later kept Italy and Yugoslavia on bad terms for years. In 1935-36 Yugoslavia was one of the members of the League of Nations which imposed economic sanctions against Italy in an unsuccessful effort to prevent her conquest of Ethiopia.

Early in 1937, however, the formerly hostile pair signed a five-year pact of friendship and non-aggression. Some days ago Yugoslavia supplemented this amicable move by addressing the Italian King as "Emperor of Ethiopia" in an official dispatch. Last week Romania followed suit, while the tall Duke of Aosta, a royal cousin, succeeded Marshal Graziani as the Ethiopian Viceroy.

Several of the smaller powers have now accorded full recognition to Italy's Ethiopian conquest—Albania, Austria, Chile, Hungary, rebel Spain, and Switzerland. The only large powers on the list are Germany and Japan, Italy's anti-communist allies. Despite Italy's desire for world-wide recognition of this "Fascist Empire of the Year XVI"—as Italians often call it—full recognition is still withheld by most of the lesser League of Nations powers and by England, France, Russia, and the United States.

WIDE WORLD



LASHED by wind and wave, the sailing vessel *Hibernia* ran aground off the coast of Norfolk, England. Her crew was rescued by the Cromer Coast Guard

PEOPLE of a week

Marriages—*Miss Jean Harder* and *Clendenin J. Ryan, Jr.*, a secretary to Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York, grandson of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan, financier. . . . *Mrs. Mary Kirk Raffray* and *Captain Ernest A. Simpson,* second husband of the Duchess of Windsor. . . . *Grand Duke Ludwig Hermann von Hesse bei Rhein* and *Margaret Campbell Geddes,* daughter of Sir Auckland Geddes, former British Ambassador to the United States. Five members of the Grand Duke's family were killed in an airplane accident at Ostend, Belgium, en route to London for the wedding.

Birthdays—*Patrick Cardinal Hayes,* Archbishop of New York, his seventieth. Cardinal Hayes was created Cardinal-Priest of the Holy Roman Church, under the title of Sancta Maria in Via, March 24, 1924. All forty-five years of his priesthood have been spent in New York. . . . *William H. ("Alfalfa Bill") Murray,* former Governor of Oklahoma, his sixty-eighth. From his farm at Broken Bow, to which he retired two years ago, he announced his candidacy for the same post in 1938. He said he again would depend on friends to provide the "cheese and crackers"—his slogan when he swept to victory in 1930.

Appointment—*John Holmes,* 46, as president of Swift & Co., meat packers. Vice-president since 1928, the former messenger boy is the first president not a member of the Swift family.

Reëlection—*Louis J. Taber* of Columbus, Ohio, as Master of the National Grange, for his eighth term. No other Grange Master served more than four.

Retirement—*Julio Alvarez del Vayo,* former Foreign Minister of Spain, former chief delegate to the League of Nations, as general commissar of the People's Army (Loyalists). Next to Francisco Largo Caballero, then Premier, Senor del Vayo as Foreign Minister was the most prominent figure in loyalist Spain a year ago. Still in his forties he has been educator, editor and statesman. Senor del Vayo had jurisdiction over all political commissars, who dominate non-military functions of the army.

Deaths—*Darragh de Lancey,* 67, former chief of the Industrial Relations Division of the U. S. Shipping Board. . . . *Viscount Shinichiro Kurino,* 86, member of the Privy Council, Japanese Minister to the United States in 1894, a Harvard graduate. . . . *Elmer Roberts,* 74, war correspondent, long chief of the Associated Press Berlin and Paris bureaus.

Should America have a federal anti-lynching law?

Pro

PUBLIC OPINION in the United States will never be satisfied until Judge Lynch has received his death sentence. I am sure that the cause of enacting a federal law will enlist right-tninking people until they form an unconquerable army. —*Senator Robert F. Wagner (New York).*

Congress has brought labor relations under federal law, and if it can go to that extreme with the approval of the Supreme Court it can pass a law for the enforcement of provisions of the Constitution as stated in the fourteenth amendment. A federal anti-lynching law will apply everywhere in the United States and cannot be regarded as directed at a particular section of the country—*Chicago Tribune.*

The passage of the anti-lynch bill is vital to the fight for the constitutional rights of the Negro people in America. Let all those who believe in democracy and who hate the barbarous crime of lynching say to the Senate, with a barrage of telegrams, that the bill must become a law.—*Daily Worker (Communist).*

Such a measure may not stamp out lynching, but we believe that under it fewer night-riders will engage in mob murders and shout, "To hell with law!"—*New York World-Telegram.*

Lynch law is no law. A mob's murder of a Negro, even if he is guilty of the crime with which he is charged, does not cancel the first wrong. It only adds a second. The anti-lynch bill should be enacted.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

We commend to the attention of every member of Congress the report of the Institute of Public Opinion, which shows that not only the nation as a whole, but the South as a section, *favors* the anti-lynching bill.—*New York Post.*

Lynching must be stopped! If the states cannot stop it, by all means let the federal government step in. Whatever be the truth about states' rights, states really have no right to disregard the rights of citizens.—*The Christian Century.*

One or two federal convictions will do more to stop lynching than all the resolutions passed by all the good-will societies, and all the talk by all the humiliated governors. Lynching is a preventable crime. It will be prevented if the cowards who invariably form the mob know there is a jail waiting at the end of the debauch. —*William Allen White.*

SENATOR WAGNER rests his case in favor of the bill

America is disgusted and ashamed of its lynching record. If these atrocities are allowed to continue, the people of this country will not forget that responsibility for them rests on those Congressmen who didn't bother to pass the anti-lynching bill.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Con

ANYBODY who reads and can understand knows that this law would be unconstitutional. Thank God the Supreme Court is still over there!—*Senator Tom Connally (Texas).*

The major question at issue in the bill is not lynching, but the right of the people to retain control over their local officials. As Senator Bailey has pointed out, a sheriff in North Carolina is responsible to the state and not to the federal government. Should Congress destroy that responsibility, it might seriously impair the American system of local self-government.—*Washington Post.*

Both murderous rape and lynching are most unfortunate, but the jackasses who bray about it in Congress should bear in mind that if there is no crime there will be no lynching. —*Cedartown (Ga.) Standard.*

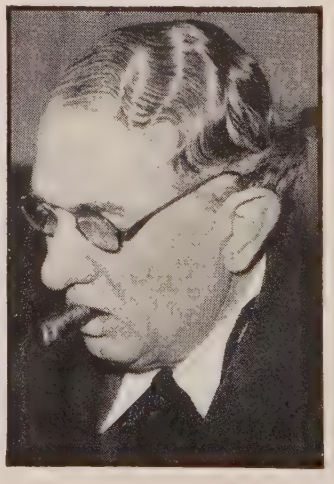
The bill does not make lynching any more a crime than it has always been. The American Institute of Public Opinion discovered that 72 out of every 100 persons queried favored the bill. But just what was the question which the Institute put before those whom it queried? The question read: "Should Congress pass a law which would make lynching a federal crime?" This phrasing of the question is a misnomer. The crime created by the bill is a failure of sheriffs or other local officials to be duly diligent in preventing and punishing lynchings.—Mark Sullivan in *New York Herald Tribune.*

I tell you that you will not aid the Negro race with this bill, because it is unworkable. The South has reduced the crime of lynching more than 5000 per cent in the last forty years, and that is proof that the tide of public sentiment will take better care of this situation than can any law. —*Representative Hatton W. Sumners (Texas).*

It will take a standing army to enforce a federal anti-lynching law. Such a law will prove very costly to the state. No sheriff will take a chance on handling a prisoner without calling for a National Guard escort, and that means they will have to be ready in barracks all the time.—*Hugh L. White, Governor of Mississippi.*

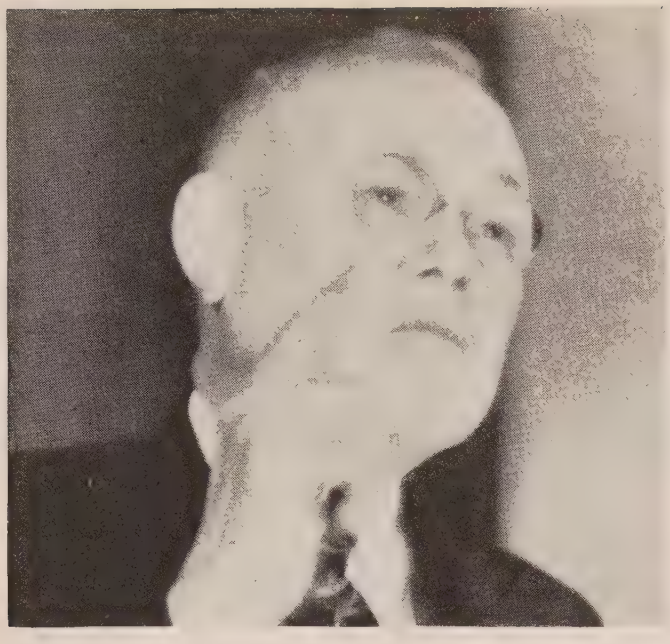
It is a clear invasion of the rights of the states, the giving to the federal government the right of intervention to enforce the criminal laws of a state when the violation is intrastate in character.—*Senator William E. Borah (Idaho).*

The Banner strongly condemns lynching; but it is an offense which should be left to the state courts and state law. The measure before Congress embodies a flagrant and indefensible attempt to usurp the police powers of the states. The bill mobs the federal Constitution.—*Nashville Banner.*

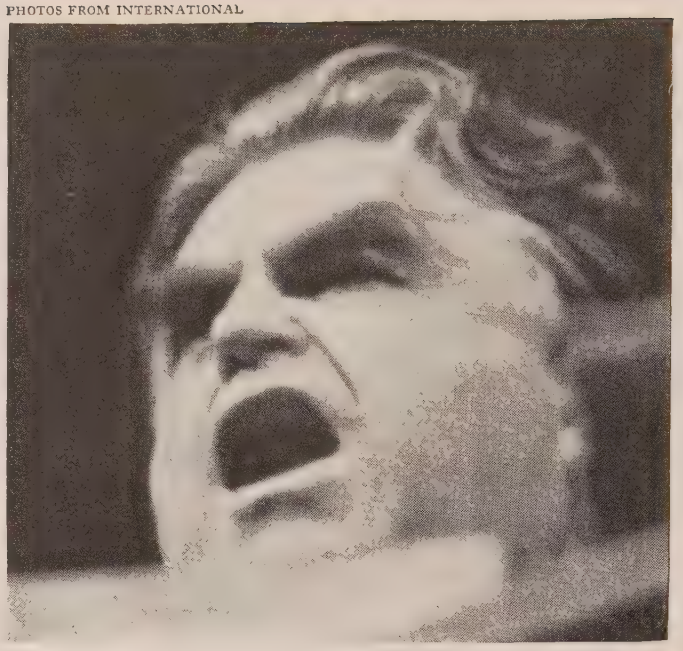


SENATOR CONNALLY submits his disgusted disapproval

PHOTOS FROM INTERNATIONAL



CONSERVATIVE William Green, president for thirteen years of A.F. of L., hews to the line of tradition



RADICAL John L. Lewis, stormy leader of the C.I.O., believes in burning bridges and cutting corners

Battle of the Century

IF AND WHEN current peace negotiations between the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. reach the concrete stage—

If and when a peace pact is signed and sealed—

If and when William Green and John L. Lewis step on a public platform, face the news cameras, and shake hands—

Then something more remarkable than labor harmony will have been accomplished.

No peace pact ever provided for the continuing reign of a pair of dominant personalities. This provision will have to be embodied, even though in phrases so subtle as to be invisible on the printed page, in whatever harmony hymn is finally sung in chorus by labor.

It is unthinkable that either Green or Lewis should gracefully retire from the field of battle. It is unthinkable that either faction honestly desires the retirement of the leader of the other faction. Each has his definite place.

The two men are perfectly cast (or miscast, depending on the point of view) for their respective roles to date. How the leads in the rewritten drama are to play to each other no one can say.

Green, comfortably established in high authority, has been able to conduct his battle more or less from his accustomed chair. He is still precisely what he was, president of the American Federation of Labor; a curtailed Federation, to be sure, with an executive council lacking several of its former stars. His principles are what they were when he became president of the Federation thirteen years ago.

Lewis, having struck out and established for himself a position of importance, having broken with the tradition of his past, is a different man following a different path. And a man with a tremendous following.

For both men the transition they face will be neither easy nor quick. Neither can be regarded as merely a giant personality, merely a man in the midst of a changing situation. Their make-up as men, as leaders of great sections of American thought and activity, will influence the terms of the possible peace.

They will have to share the spotlight, the authority, the responsibility. They will have to put aside bitterness. They will have to work together. And they are far apart in principle, method, manner.

William Green, product and molder of labor experience, has distinguished himself for his steadfast hewing to the line of solid tradition, proved method, cautious progress. Today he clings to the principles he learned early in life, just as he clings to his love for the miners who had formed the background of his own childhood.

As the dignified, white-haired, rather corpulent man speaks, shyly at first, more warmly as his memory turns back to those cold Ohio mornings, one sees the boy who trudged to work, who learned step by step the doctrine of unionism as practiced in the 1890's. Of those days Green recalls:

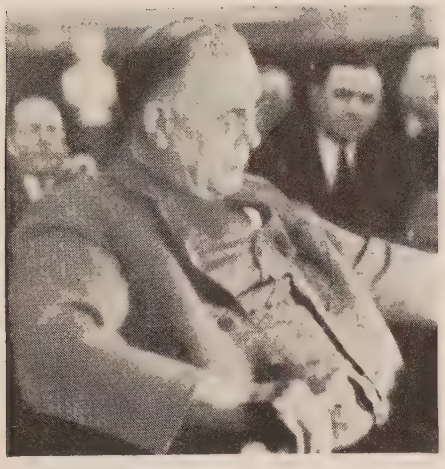
"I had worked in the mines during vacations, but when I was fifteen I was working steadily. I was the oldest of five. Conditions were very bad. There were no hours, no regular wages. The combined earnings of my father and myself were insufficient for our needs. A miner worked as long as he could because he was paid on piecework.

"Even in my childhood that seemed wrong to me. When I became interested in organization, through literature and discussions, I thought: 'Here is a way to correct these wrongs.' I became active in the first union formed.

"I was black-listed, even as a boy. I had to change my name to get work. I had to leave home because the black list was so well circulated. I suffered hunger on strike many times.

"I helped carry out many of the men I worked with during my twenty years in the mines. No miner escapes injury. I was injured many times. Those years gave me training and experience that I have always used in judging men.

"And I learned one thing I have never forgot: I learned that every worker is a rebel. His experience makes him rebel against economic and social injustice. A man must first have a reason to rebel. The worker has his reasons. Then follows union activity."



GREEN, moderate in ideas, stolid in temperament, is no showman. His speech and gestures are out-moded

Green neither looks nor acts the rebel. His was a slow but steady growth during that early period of the similarly slow growth of the Federation.

"Spasmodic growth," he says, "is generally based on emotionalism, rather than thought-out policies. In a test, you will fail with a quickly established organization.

"It is those who stick and fight, and stick and fight, who make our movement what it is. Many times one can gain temporary advantages through quick action and growth. But the same rule applies to labor as to anything else. Growth must be solid, steady, must consolidate its gains as it goes along."

FOR MANY YEARS the Federation, under Green's leadership, had few growing pains. It declined in membership. But Green had reached what seemed to him and to the other Federation leaders a sound conclusion; and there, satisfied, they stopped. Experience of the past dominates Green's policies.

"The Federation's economic and organization policies," Green said in his opening speech at this year's convention, "have evolved out of a wide experience covering more than one half a century. It has never substituted emotion for common sense, nor passion and feeling for reason and sound judgment."

Perhaps his experiences with the strife of frequent strikes in his own mining days contributed to his later insistence on peace.

"We want," he said recently, "to reduce industrial warfare to a minimum. Not that we will ever surrender our economic right to strike and our economic power. . . . But it is our purpose to avoid industrial conflicts, to promote understanding between employers and employees, to settle wage scales around the conference table through collective bargaining."

One of his close associates describes Green's working methods as in keeping with the sober-paced principles of the Federation.

"His role is that of a peacemaker within the Federation. He fuses the different extremes of opinion, reconciles the hostile forces. When faced with a situation where he has been authorized to proceed, Green first calls in the officials of the unions directly affected by the situation. After he has heard and considered their opinions and estimates, he makes his decision and proceeds.

"Green does not dictate. He intercedes directly in a situation only when he is definitely authorized to do so."

Until the C.I.O. went into action, the most acute situations facing Green were jurisdictional disputes. The Federation has conducted no vast organizing drives, no widespread strikes. Green has spent a large part of his time in public speaking.

In his personal life he is moderate, unimaginative, traditional. In Washington he lives alone in a hotel suite. He never flies on his frequent trips to his home in Coshocton, Ohio, where he was born. Trains, where he can relax, suit him better. He loves baseball and horse races, walks for exercise, sometimes goes to movies for relaxation, but prefers grand opera and plays.

His appearance is conservative, his clothes and manner are as lacking in emphasis as his personality. His speech is crowded with the platitudes and oratory of the mauve decade. He shies from sensationalism, any form of emotionalism.

GREEN REALIZES his limitations. He is not a showman, able to display his best qualities on request. He is ill at ease with newspaper men, though recently overcoming this tendency to a degree.

But he is still the quietly dominant, plodding man resting on tradition and time-tried ideas. His surroundings reflect the dignity of his position. The A.F. of L. building, pleasantly stained with venerable age, is hushed and solemn. Its corridors are dim and discreetly silent, its staff middle-aged or white-haired. Green's office is large, sunny, simple, impressive.

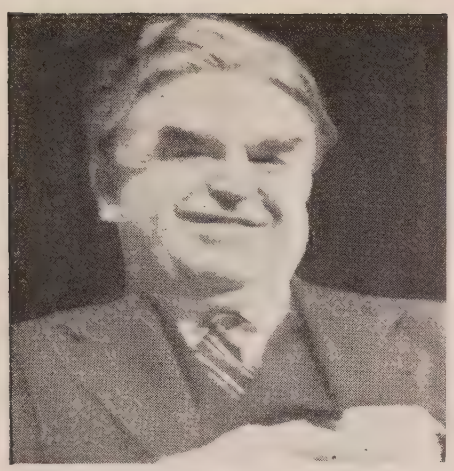
The offices of the C.I.O. are rather raw and fresh. There is a constant bustle of activity, the energy and sprawl of youth, a staff of youngish men and women. No tradition mellows the atmosphere.

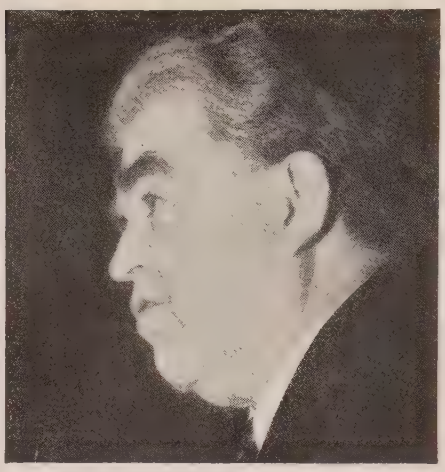
Lewis has burned his bridges behind him. He has broken with his past. Once a carbon copy of the typical A.F. of L.

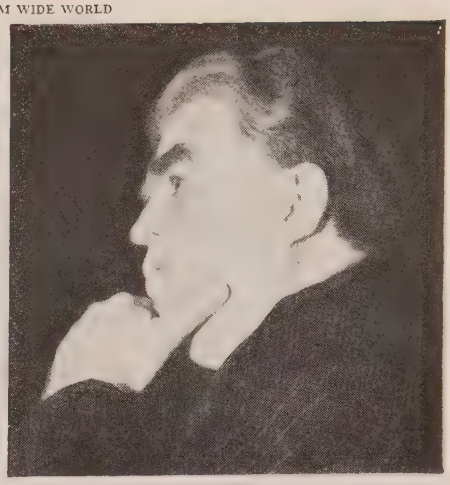
SIX PHOTOS FROM INTERNATIONAL

AVOIDING CONFLICTS is Green's professed aim. Perhaps the experiences of strikes in his youthful days account for an insistence on peace in his later life

TWO PHOTOS FROM WIDE WORLD







LEWIS is a man of energy. His quick humor and expressive brows endear him to reporters and photographers

leader, he has taken on the coloring of the movement he leads today. He is belligerent, even brusque about the past he has deserted. He doesn't want to be reminded that for many years he practiced the principles he now condemns. He finds no importance in what he did or thought or said in his earlier years.

Did he once expel John Brophy, then a dangerous progressive, from the United Mine Workers? Well, what if he did? Brophy is with him today.

"What difference does it make now if I was precocious or stupid? What difference what I thought or did at thirteen or nineteen or thirty?"

Lewis is impatient with all that. He has no concern but for today and tomorrow. He is the challenger now, and he embodies the restless energy, the search for forward paths and short cuts.

"Methods of work," he pronounces in stentorian tones, "are unimportant so long as efficiency is the result. I don't call in my staff and tell them how to do a thing. I leave it to their initiative and ability. I can't take my time to discuss details or an approach to a situation. We have to cut corners."

John Brophy, director of the C.I.O., has had good cause to know both the old and the new Lewis. Brophy suffered under and parted company from the old Lewis, works happily and admiringly with the new.

"A person close to a problem," Brophy says of Lewis at work, "comes to him. He listens intently. He has the ability to concentrate and extract the essence of a situation. Without laboring on details, he at once passes judgment and moves on to the next person with the next problem.

"The result is that he can do a great deal of work, since he never wastes himself in stewing over problems. I don't mean to imply that he is superficial. In addition to getting the viewpoint of persons closest to a situation, he draws on his own experience."

Perhaps because of his own vigor and drive, Lewis inspires them in those about him, draws to him persons possessed of the same sort of energy. One cannot deny the impact of his manner.

"Certainly," he says, "I believe that rapid growth in a union can achieve solidity. Mr. Green does not believe it? No growth at all, is his idea, I suppose."

The majesty of his scorn flashes from sharp eyes under beetling brows. And a gleam of bitter humor accompanies the hard words.

Lewis confesses to no favored form of relaxation other than reading. That, he acknowledges majestically, has always constituted his chief form of relief from the press of work.

"It is obvious," he says, "that I have read a great deal all of my life."

RECREATION is no problem, for he never has free time. While he finishes vast quantities of work daily, he has no set routine, no regular hours in his office. He bounds from the C.I.O. to the United Mine Workers to Labor's Non-Partisan League. And he commutes to Washington from Alexandria, Virginia, each day.

In addition to his prodigious energy, Lewis has demonstrated his showmanlike sense of timing. Occasionally he misses fire, but generally his acts and utterances are shrewdly timed for effect. His easy manner and quick humor make him precious to newspaper men, but he can turn on the lofty dignity with the most traditional of the A.F. of L. top-flighters.

As a labor leader who has gone through a period of general decline in his union and his industry, and who has survived to come up again on the rise, he is unusual. His swift adaptation to a new set of conditions, his flexibility, his fundamental readjustments made in maturity, mark him as a person possessed of unusual resiliency.

Whatever the terms of the pact finally arrived at by the peacemakers, some formula will have to be found to bring together again these two leaders so opposed in method, manner, personality. Green is sixty-four, Lewis fifty-seven. Lewis will perhaps be expected to use his remarkable adaptability in meeting the new situation of peace. My bet is that his showmanship will provide a gesture to glide over the awkwardness of two men in a spotlight. —*Frances Fink*

PLANNING CAMPAIGNS is Lewis' delight. Quick to adapt himself to new situations, impatient for action, he cares more for tomorrow than for yesterday

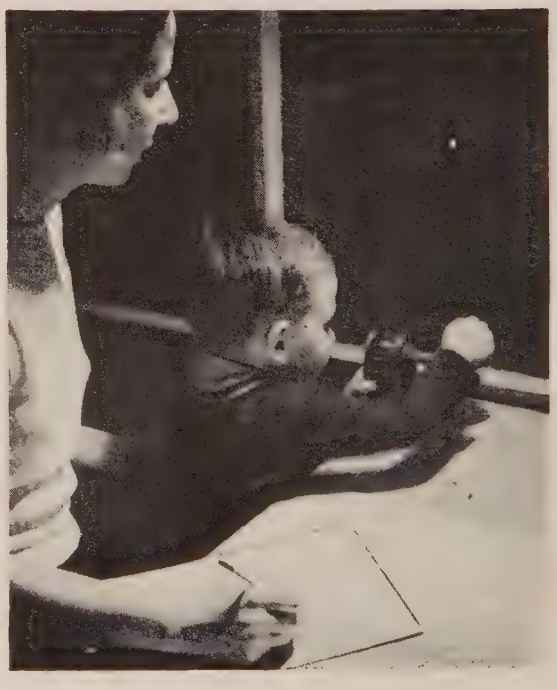
EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTOS BY ALAN HACKER

Toy Testing

TOY LABORATORY is a new service for testing toys, before they are put on the market, by trying them out on the children themselves. Educators, manufacturers, and parents agree as to its value, and the children are delighted

STRING TROUBLE will be corrected by adding a wooden knob to provide a better grip. The laboratory makes suggestions when toys are difficult to handle

NATURAL CHOICE is clearly and forcibly demonstrated by this 3-year-old boy who chose a toy from a collection spread before him. That it still holds his interest when the director attempts to remove it is also apparent



CRANKING is such fun for one child that a toy developed on this principle is suggested

HARD USE is the fate of a favorite doll. Careful records are kept to show the toy's construction and durability under actual play conditions as well as its educational and entertainment value

SETTLEMENT HOUSES provide a rich field for research. The director makes notes of age interest, group interest, first reactions, and whether or not boys and girls play with equal intensity. Full reports are given the manufacturer

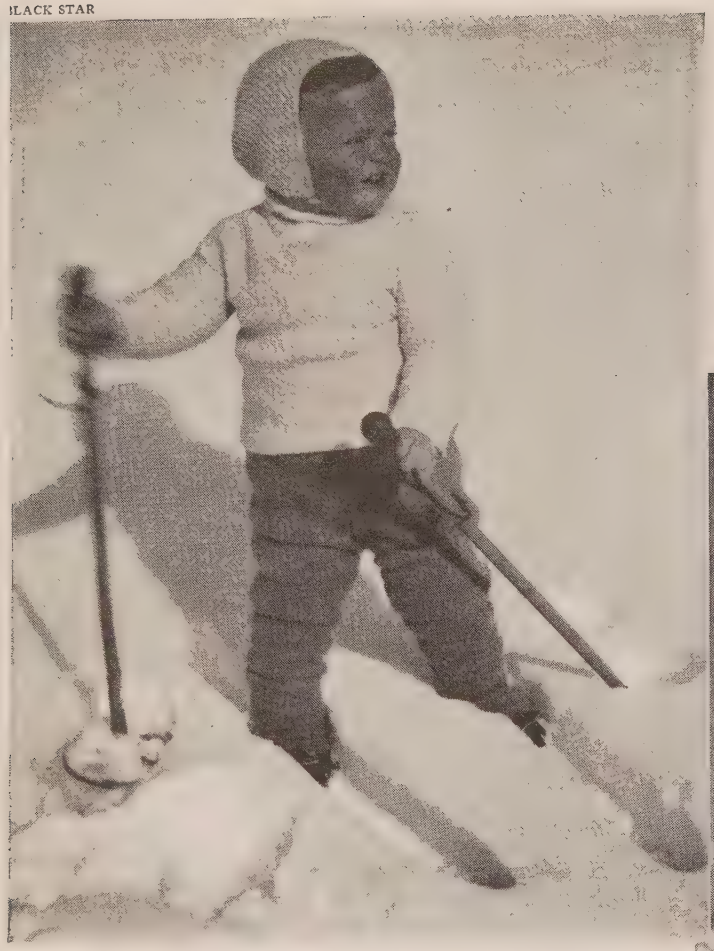
Children now decide what toys the parents shall buy

FIELD WORKERS for testing outdoor toys are recruited from children in the parks and playgrounds

MISS SANTA CLAUS, armed with a bag of toys, has no trouble in enlisting the coöperation of laboratory assistants. Here she is explaining a toy duck to a small park habitué

Design for

BLACK STAR



FIRST STEPS—They start young, now that the popularity of the sport has the whole family on skis when the snow flies, from New England to the West coast. It's not hard to learn; after a week's daily coaching, instructors say, the beginner is ready for moderate slopes—and no end of fun

EWING GALLOWAY

INTERNATIONAL

CONTROL, FORM, SPEED, in that order, are the steps to expert skiing. Lake Placid is famous for winter sports

SKIJORING bears a marked resemblance to frozen aquaplaning. Sun Valley, Idaho, offers the winter sportsman such contrasting diversions as skiing, skating, sun-bathing, and midwinter outdoor swimming in a pool fed by natural hot springs. "Track!" calls the lady at the right as she starts down at Skytop, Pennsylvania

PHOTOS FROM EWING GALLOWAY

Winter

WAXED LIGHTNING: Ski pants provide a fast ride on the snowy slopes in Mount Rainier National Park, Washington. No practice is needed

UNIVERSAL NEWSREEL—SOIBELMAN

SKI-RUNNING, once practiced only by hunters and trappers, has opened up to all comers the icy beauty of Mount Baker National Park, Washington, in winter

SIXTY MILES AN HOUR in a bobsled on the famous run at Lake Placid, where the turns are banked almost perpendicularly, puts it up to the man who is steering. The passengers quickly learn to lean correctly and enjoy the thrills

LIONEL GREEN

DAY'S END in the sparkling air of Lake Placid finds the winter enthusiasts gathered to talk over the day's sport

WIDE WORLD

KING'S ASSASSIN caught by a quick-witted news photographer in the act of shooting Alexander of Yugoslavia, before he was struck down by the horseman's saber

Camera Craze

ALTHOUGH complete figures are not available, it is safe to say that the number of amateur photographers busily at work in the United States today runs well into the millions.

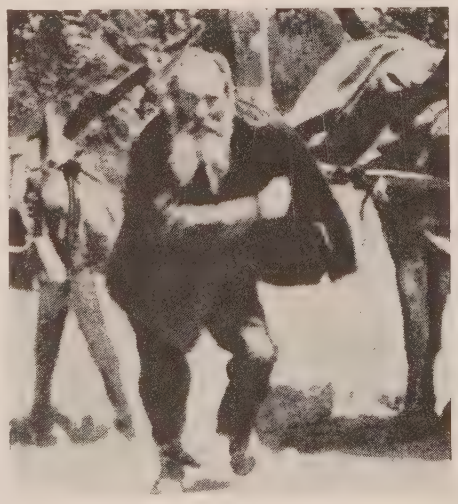
There is no age limit to this eager group; the germ attacks tender children and their grandparents with equal ferocity. Judging from the astonishing growth of camera-supply stores, photographic schools, prize contests, and magazines for amateur photographers, what was once a Sunday afternoon pastime is now a national mania.

Nor is it any longer enough to catch a cunning shot of baby in his bath: the 1937 photo-maniac is willing, even eager, to hang by his heels, crawl down a manhole, or mount the bucket of a steam shovel if he can thereby achieve an unusual angle which will make his picture (as he believes) look like one taken by Margaret Bourke-White.

Eastman earnings have been going up steadily, DuPont films are doing splendidly, and Agfa, which was deep in the red a few years ago, is booming. Supply stores are jammed. One photographic school in New York which charges $325 for a four-month course has doubled its enrollment in the past three years and last winter had a waiting list of several hundred. The seven photographic magazines which existed several years ago have grown to twenty, and one of the recent ones, *Popular Photography,* reached a circulation of over 200,000 in only its fourth issue.

This present passion for photography, which far surpasses any previous one, started about ten years ago when miniature cameras first appeared, led by Leica and Rolleiflex, and, later, Contax. These expensive cameras (their prices run well over a hundred dollars) have been followed by scores of cheaper imitations; and the new cameras with their high-speed action and improved films have enormously enlarged the camera's scope. They are responsible not only for the avalanche of candid photographs (from which no one is safe), but for the excellent pictures which even an unskilled amateur—with a sufficiency of luck—occasionally produces.

ACME



DEATH came for the photographer and when the plate in his camera was developed, detectives believed that his subject had killed him

Not that the amateurs are lacking in skill. By no means. Many of their pictures compare creditably with those of professionals for technical knowledge and pictorial sense. But technical knowledge and pictorial feeling alone do not make a marketable photograph, and most of the gifted and conscientious amateurs are still a long way from being in a position to cash in on their hobby.

To be sure, they receive plenty of encouragement from friends and family. "Why, that picture is beautiful. . . . Somebody would be glad to publish that. . . . This is much better than that snow scene played up in the Sunday paper last week." Such remarks, honestly if ignorantly tendered, combined with the knowledge that he's a pretty competent craftsman, and with a pardonable

PHOTOGRAPHERS DREAM of being on the spot when an accident occurs, such as the collapse of this pier in Sydney, Australia. Fortunately, all were saved

desire to make some money out of an occupation that he loves, are often enough to convince the amateur that he definitely has a future in photography.

Perhaps he does sell a photograph; perhaps he wins a prize from his local camera club for a neat composition of fruit on a sunlit table. That is all that is needed to make him buy a more expensive camera (the present one is never satisfactory), and all his spare money and time go into his new "business." How many amateurs succeed and how much they get for their cherished prints of *Winter Night, Solitude, Surf,* and *Springtime,* is quite another story.

WHEN one has a product to sell, the first step should be to inquire into the possible market, the price one may expect, and the means of selling the product. It does not take intensive research to perceive that the market for striking photographs is large. There is hardly a newspaper or magazine today which has no photographs within its pages, and the number of general magazines devoted to photographs is constantly growing.

But what makes a striking photograph? There's the rub—for the amateur. It is not merely a matter of composition, quality, and technical excellence. The *idea* of the photograph is the main element. It is the idea that makes a photograph salable or not. Uncle Benny's portrait may be a miracle of verisimilitude, but who cares?

The main difficulty of the amateur is not that he lacks skill, but that he lacks editorial sense. He is so often absorbed in making a "good" picture that he loses sight of what makes an interesting picture. Some of the most sensational pictures produced by news photographers are notably poor as examples of photography, because these photographers often have antiquated cameras.

Another of the amateur's errors is lack of originality. Because he has seen several published photographs of the Empire State Building, Boulder Dam, and the Golden Gate Bridge, he believes that more of the same can be sold. Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but it is not the course for you camericans to pursue if you want to sell your pictures.

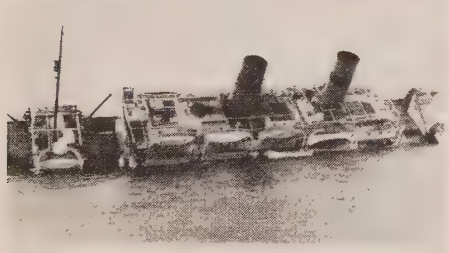
The average price paid by the newspapers is $5 each, and by the magazines $5 to $10, although this statement needs qualifying because there are so many exceptions. News agencies (such as Acme, Wide World, and International) make money even when charging these low prices by selling prints of the same photograph to fifty or a hundred papers. Thus a good, clear flashlight of Mussolini falling downstairs might be worth thousands of dollars to an agency. But the amateur seldom has any chance to syndicate his work. He usually is glad to be able to sell his picture outright.

One large slice of the market, usually closed to amateurs, is represented by those buyers who are interested only in photographs of news events, which are thoroughly covered by the news agencies. A startling exception to this was the case of the steward who, in 1928, sold a snapshot he had made on the deck of the sinking *Vestris* to the enterprising picture editor of the New York *Daily News* for $1000. Similarly, any amateur who might happen to be on hand—and, more important—could keep his head and be cool enough to take a picture if the Grand Coulee Dam collapsed or Hitler punched Stalin, could name practically any price he wanted to ask.

ACME

SHOT SEEN ROUND THE WORLD: England's King and a friend (comparatively unknown before) taken with a telephoto lens in the summer of 1936

TRIANGLE



PRESENCE OF MIND enabled the man who made these pictures to get the whole story when a Portuguese ship rammed and sank a Dutch liner in the harbor at Leixoes, Portugal. The photographer (standing on the deck of a third ship) saw the disaster coming, and snapped all the stages of collision, rescue, and capsizing

ACME

EDITORIAL SENSE made a news photographer swing his camera from the spectacle of the blazing *Hindenburg* to photograph the horror-stricken spectators

The agencies for selling photographs may be roughly grouped into the following: news services which specialize—as the name would suggest—in news photographs; feature services which specialize in photographs of popular, but not necessarily of news, value; "morgue" agencies which specialize in old photographs or new ones which seem likely to have an historical value in future years; and agencies for advertisers. The usual commission charged by agencies is from 40 to 50 per cent. Any photographer unwilling to part with so large a commission is, of course, at liberty to try free-lancing but, unless he is already established, this is hard sledding. With terrific competition, the chances for any single amateur are obviously small.

THE amateur's home-town paper may buy his pictures if they have local interest and he may make portraits of his friends or their children, but this is more difficult unless he has a gift for flattering retouching—and his supply of friends is not likely to be unlimited.

Top-rank photographers, of course, make handsome salaries, although even they are living on the other side of the railroad tracks as far as the average Hollywood script writer is concerned. Writers who die and go to heaven in California think anything less than $300 a week is chicken feed, but probably there are not more than half a dozen magazine photographers in the whole country earning this much or more.

Among the star performers are Margaret Bourke-White, Eisenstadt, Steichen, Maxwell Frederic Coplan, and Ivan Dmitri, and there are others who are rapidly coming to be well known. Advertising photographers often charge from $500 to $1000 for a single color-plate, but they have enormous overheads in the form of studios, equipment, staffs of assistants and models. Except for the chance of selling a casual picture to an agency for possibly as much as $25, the amateur has very little chance of breaking into advertising photography.

PHOTOGRAPHY is a fascinating but expensive hobby. Good materials cost money and poor ones produce poor results. The wretched victims of the photographic mania find themselves enslaved to a relentless, money-devouring monster. Your besotted photographer, groggy from repeated encounters with alluring literature supplied by camera companies and supply houses, hardly leaves his family money for food and clothing. Aiding and abetting this new national disease are not only 20 magazines, but dozens of advice columns in newspapers, and shelves full of costly manuals of instruction and annuals of the year's "best" pictures.

And now comes a new temptation in the form of color photography. Commercial photographers had to go into the color field because the demand became so insistent, and the ambitious amateur has for some time yearned to follow suit. Not until recently, however, has the way been open to him. But now the film manufacturers are offering color films that may be used in standard miniature cameras, and no amateur worthy of the name can resist them. The films must be sent to the manufacturer for developing. They are returned as colored transparencies to be held before a light, or mounted on small slides for projection on the home screen.

And so the craze grows, and those who can afford it continue to have increasing pleasure. But let the photographer who wishes to exchange his amateur standing for cash remember that not even color will take the place of interest when he tries to sell his pictures.

—*Creighton Peet*

Reading Around the World

a timely digest of the best in print

OUT OF GLASS

from "Harpers Magazine"

GLASS, before science took it in hand, was just glass. Now glass has been developed in dozens of new forms. Tough glasses which retard the flow of heat are made into building bricks and coffee-pot handles. Resistant glasses through which electricity can push only with difficulty are made into telephone-pole insulators and vacuum tubes.

A two-inch cube of glass would be strong enough to hold up a loaded freight car, though such a task would strain a similar cube of almost any other material. A glass window only one inch thick can be so constructed that it will stop a machine-gun bullet. A man can stand on a fairly thin sheet of glass and feel no electric shock even though ten thousand volts are trying to push a current through him. A house made of glass bricks will lose heat to frosty outside air less than one-half as fast as a similar house made of ordinary bricks.

Because diamond possesses many of the virtues of glass, and is, in addition, harder than any other known substance, one might argue that it is intrinsically a more valuable material. But glass possesses a quality even more important than hardness—its ability to flow like honey or congeal into stone at the will of its molder. Glass is not a solid like steel or wood or rubber, but behaves at ordinary temperatures like a liquid which is too chilly to flow.

The basic purpose of glass is to be looked through. The human eye is a very sensitive device, but by judiciously supplementing it with a few pieces of glass it can be greatly improved.

To make a lens, a piece of very pure and uniform glass must be used. Optical glass is specially cast to be pure and colorless, free from bubbles, streaks, and flaws. A minute quantity of iron or of almost any other metal can ruin an entire batch of optical glass. One company made several successive melts of lens glass which showed the familiar green tint of the cheap glass used for bottles and window-panes. The source of the color could not be traced until it was discovered that a disgruntled workman had dropped a tiny steel ball into each melt.

If glass were not so brittle it would be one of the strongest substances known. A thread of glass thin as a spider web can support a greater weight than can a steel piano wire of the same size. But when two large rods are compared, the steel is stronger; for, if it be scratched, nothing happens, whereas a scratch on the surface of the glass quickly spreads and the rod almost falls apart. The great dream of the glassmaker, a flexible and elastic material which will bend like celluloid, yet wear like glass, is not yet realized.

Though in recent years research has brought the glass industry far, first in Germany and more recently in America, much more remains to be done than has yet been accomplished. The glass industry must continue to perform miracles. —*George Russell Harrison*

NAPOLEON VS. MOTORS

from "The Military Engineer"

THE extensive present-day agitation against war proceeds upon the assumption that war is the greatest of human afflictions. Since the public attention, by reason of these agitations, is firmly fixed on the horrors of war, the present might be an opportune time to bring before that attention some other horrors and compare them with those of war.

No better period could be chosen than the era of the Napoleonic wars to best illustrate war as a human catastrophe. How does Napoleon, whose slaughter of his enemies and his own men has stood for more than a century as the supreme example of the ruthlessness of war, compare with the automobile as an agent of destruction of human life and limb? Judged by the record of the thirty principal battles fought by himself and his marshals over a period of nearly 19 years—18 years and 10 months, to be exact—he is not even a close competitor.

The National Safety Council estimates that, in 1935, there were 37,000 persons killed and 1,280,000 others injured in automobile accidents, making a total of 1,317,000 casualties for the year. This is 632,000 more than the total for Napoleon's thirty battles, taking place over a period of nearly 19 years. If the comparison is made on an equal basis of time, the difference becomes so great as to be almost absurd, for 18 years and 10 months at the 1935 rate would result in over 24,000,000 more casualties than the thirty battles of the Napoleonic Era!

THIS WEEK

Out of Glass	*Harpers*
Napoleon vs. Motors	*The Military Engineer*
Amateur's Temperament	*Encore*
Labor and Fascism	*C.I.O. Industrial Unionism*
Waiters at Geneva	*Life's a Cocktail*
Whims of a White-Tail	*Field and Stream*
Red Reception	*Novoye Russkoye Slovo*
Funeralizing	*The Spectator, London*
Students—U. S. and Foreign	*Unemployment in the Learned Professions*
City of Imitators	*New York: City of Cities*
Wartime Zoo Diet	*The Observer, London*
Language without Logic	*The Chinese Mercury*
Divorcee with a Broom	*Chinese Women*

Photo of the Week

WIDE WORLD

WAR WIDOW, representing bereaved of those fallen in Spain, receives from Mussolini the decoration for Military Valor—*Newark Evening News*

Look again at the casualties of single battles and once more at the total of the 1935 automobile casualties. Here are the equivalents in a single year of 31 Waterloos, 52 Austerlitzes, 31 Eylaus, 29 Wagrams, 101 Marengos, or 90 Hohenlindens! A comparison of the slaughter wrought on our roads with the slaughter wrought in these battles should make our blood run cold with horror.

The average American, who likes his automobile and who does not want any regulations which will annoy him and prevent him from doing any of the reckless and generally stupid things that daily make our highways shambles, is doubtless unconvinced even by this formidable array of figures and probably takes refuge in the argument that, though the total casualty list of automobile traffic is stupendous, the larger proportion of the victims recover, while war shows a larger percentage of actually killed. Very well, let us examine these arguments. Let the objector select his campaign that will show the very worst of the Napoleonic Era. He could do no better than select the Russian campaign of 1812.

Napoleon crossed the Niemen with 155,400 French and 170,500 allies. The remnants of the Grand Army staggered across the Niemen again in December, leaving 65,000 of the French Army dead on the battlefields and frozen plains of Russia. And along the highways of the United States in 1935, the automobile left the dead bodies of 37,000 men, women, and children. In the preceding year deaths due to automobile accidents in the United States mounted to 35,769. The fatalities of the past two years, therefore, amount to over 7,000 more than the fatalities of the French Army in one of the greatest military disasters.

Stated in another way, the United States is now engaged in a war nearly 90 per cent as destructive of life and limb as was the World War.—*Leroy T. Patton*

AMATEUR'S TEMPERAMENT

from "Encore"

When William Charles Macready, greatest British Shakespearean actor of the nineteenth century, was playing in New York many years ago, a cowboy, possessed of the notion that he could act, so persistently begged the tragedian for a chance to show what he could do that at last he was given an opening. He was to take the part of the king, a minor role in the play, and he worked it for all it was worth. His strut was kingly, his scowl sovereign. This was good in a way; but he carried it too far. The stage director had indicated the spots where each combatant in the duel was to fall, the one in the center of the stage being reserved for the star. But the novice coveted the limelight, and, being king, decided to possess it. So, being mortally wounded, he fell in the center of the stage.

"Move over!" growled Macready *sotto voce,* giving him a sly kick.

But the cowboy never budged. "Confound you!" muttered the tragedian in a voice low, yet hoarse with menace: "Move over! You're on my spot, I tell you!"

The sharp kick that accompanied the words roused the cowboy, and he raised himself on his elbow and roared back, "Look here, Macready, I'm king in this drammer, and I'll die where I darn please!"—*Daniel Frohman* (Lee Furman, Inc., $3.50)

LABOR AND FASCISM

from "C.I.O. Industrial Unionism in Action"

Despite our old and still vital tradition of democracy, it is not impossible to imagine fascism appearing in America. The chief ingredients are already with us: large numbers of unemployed, diminishing opportunity for the individual, growing industrialization of the people, diminishing competence of the economy to do its job. The trappings generally affected by fascism are also at hand in abundance: a bumptious national pride, racial scapegoats, habits of violence (lynching, industrial warfare, vigilante "law"—the Black Legion, Ku Klux Klan, organized criminals). The appropriate moment will select a leader.

Beneath hatreds of color and creed, patriotic slogans, uniforms, talk of socialism, promises to aid the little man, and pretentious gestures toward industrial reorganization, fascism always betrays itself—and will here—as a brutal attempt to preserve the privileges of the few major capitalists at the expense of human decency and the spirit and forms of democracy. Its first step to this end is invariably the destruction of all organizations critical of capitalism. Heading the list comes the labor movement, its unions and political parties.

John Lewis and his followers may meet fascism on their way. The C.I.O. stands ultimately for everything opposed by such reaction, and its triumphs may stir a fascist attempt sooner than otherwise. For this reason some progressives oppose the movement, or at least its militancy.

But a collision of the labor movement and fascist forces looms inevitable in any event. That rests upon the basic inconsistencies of our decadent economy. It may come soon; it may be postponed a generation or two. But to repeat and emphasize, it is not the labor movement that produces fascism; it is the increasing inability of capitalism to give men a decent existence, and the consequent necessity for industrial ownership to bolster its interests by force against the efforts of the people to throw off an outworn form of social organization.

The possibility of a fascist coup, therefore, should not discourage the C.I.O. from pursuing its program militantly and without interruption. But it should inspire a most earnest preparation for trouble ahead. Labor must study and learn. It must discipline itself. It must win the trust and coöperation of those millions who, whether they realize it or not, are riding to the same future.—*J. Raymond Walsh* (W. W. Norton & Co., $2.50)

WAITERS AT GENEVA

from "Life's a Cocktail"

THE waiter sometimes wields more power than is commonly supposed. It was entirely through a waiter that Geneva was selected as the home of the League of Nations.

Colonel House was hesitating between Lausanne and Geneva, and rather inclined toward Lausanne. On an impulse, he asked the waiter at his table, who promptly gave such an account of the perfections of Geneva that the Colonel was completely won over.

That is why a waiter should be an intelligent, well educated man, well versed in all matters of moment, and able to speak with almost anyone on almost anything. British young men are reluctant to learn foreign languages, which is a pity. It is really time they changed their ideas on the subject. There is many a hotel manager and proprietor today who started as a waiter, and the waiter's job is one that offers a really promising career to ambitious young men.—*Julio Pinto* (Barker, 7s. 6d.)

WHIMS OF A WHITE-TAIL

from "Field and Stream"

IF a white-tailed buck always exercised his best judgment, or the corresponding mental process that controls a deer's actions, he would seldom find himself in front of a rifle bullet. A white-tailed deer knows how to look out for himself; he can make himself scarce in the vicinity of a hunter, conceal his sizable form in cover that would hardly hide a snowshoe rabbit, or slip away through dry leaves and brittle brush with hardly a sound. But the wisest bucks, like some wise men, are addicted to occasional whims which may bring about their downfall.

When seized by one of these odd fancies, an old buck may do some foolish thing that a young fawn would never think of doing. There was, for instance, that big buck of the Topsham territory. After eluding the careful hunters that stalked these big woods, this deer walked out into a farm garden in broad daylight and stood there while an 80-year-old resident killed him from the house doorway. Another, a nine-point buck, dodged

Cartoon of the Week

Hardly room for everybody.—*Des Moines Register*

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a hunter in a thick swamp all the forenoon; then, when the man went for his car, the deer walked out into a roadside orchard and fed on apples until the hunter drove along, got out of his car and dropped him in his tracks.

There was a one-eyed buck that made his bed at the end of so devious a trail that it took a friend and me a good hour to puzzle it out after passing the point where we were visible to the deer through a little screen of bushes. But instead of using this hour to make a good getaway, the buck went by the nearest farm buildings, passing so close to them that the farmer shot him from the back porch. Of course, chances are not often as easy as these three, but every once in a while a deer will do something so contrary to the general laws of deerology that the hunter gets a shot. Otherwise, shots would be few and far between.—*W. Dustin White*

RED RECEPTION

from "Novoye Russkoye Slovo," New York

At 10 o'clock in the evening the luxurious, brightly lit limousines of the embassies roll through the streets of Moscow for a Foreign Office reception. In Paris or London the sight of these men in faultless evening clothes and these women in furs and sparkling jewels would cause the passers-by to pause for a moment. Yet, strange to say, they do not get a glance in the proletarian capital, either of envy or even of plain curiosity.

Our car slowly stops in front of the mansion used for official receptions by Foreign Commissar Litvinov. A flunky in livery opens the door with a respectful bow. A vast marble stairway, covered with a red carpet, opens in front of the visitor.

The guests cross a hall, pass through the Winter Garden and approach the "Little Salon," where they are greeted by Maxim Litvinov, in formal evening clothes and all his Soviet decorations, and Mme. Litvinov in a pastel evening gown.

The diplomatic corps begins to assemble. The German ambassador, Count Schulenburg, bows respectfully in front of the hostess and kisses her hand. Litvinov's greetings are prolonged and accompanied by a cordial smile. The German military attachés click their heels, and bow stiffly, like automatons.

The military attaché to the British Embassy enters in the scarlet coat of the Horse Guards. His chest is covered with medals; under his arm he carries a helmet with white plumes. Small Japanese in uniform bow courteously to their colleagues.

Here is all diplomatic Moscow. Many ladies are present, but they fall into two groups. The foreigners, wives of ambassadors and attachés, are faultlessly gowned and groomed. Many wear diamonds and pearls. The Soviet contingent, on the other hand, do not have diamonds or do not wear them if they do. Though they are dressed in evening clothes, their gowns remind you somewhat of last year's Paris styles.

Artists of Moscow's stage and screen are numerous. The star of the film *Solovei* (Nightingale) stands with the prima donna of the Bolshoi Theater. But attention does not center on them long. There is a stir, and several people make room at the door. Molotov, Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars, the Soviet Premier, enters.

All the Commissars are in tails. The only exception is Supplies Commissar Mikoyan, Stalin's close friend, who comes to the ball in a jacket of semi-military cut and boots. Like Stalin he does not recognize bourgeois apparel.

Again there is a stir among the guests. A military man comes in, arm-in-arm with a pretty woman. His springy carriage and long, luxurious mustachios are familiar. Simeon Budenny, the world-famous cavalry leader. And with him, into this hall where everything was as in western Europe—from the faultless evening clothes of the men to the jewels of the women—there entered the spirit of the proletarian state, embodied in this sergeant, now a Red marshal.—*A. Arnstam*

Poem of the Week

TO ONE AWAY

I am all spent with weeping! Oh, to rest
Safe in your arms and close against your heart,
Whereon my own might ease its fiery smart
And tears subdue this flame within my breast. . . .
If you but held me, if your lips but pressed
My eyelids down, to seal them lest they start,
Ah, then, I think, death's gentle counterpart,
Kind sleep, would come to me at your behest.

O my beloved, distant now, but known
Better than any whom I daily view—
Through long defeat and sorrow you alone
Perceive the thing I tried, and failed, to do.
Somewhere I know you wait to claim your own
And death itself means only peace—and you!

—Josephine Johnson in *Sonnet Sequences*

FUNERALIZING

from "The Spectator," London

In the Southern Highlands, an area of about 112,000 square miles lying in the southern part of the United States,

live a people much as their relatives did in Elizabethan days. Their ancestors, Scotch and Scotch-Irish, brought with them sterling convictions and character, strong likes and dislikes, and a deep emotional spirit.

The custom of funeralizing, brought about by their isolation, is peculiar to the Southern Highlanders. Ministers are few and scattered and may visit the more remote places only once in a number of years; so it is rarely possible to obtain a preacher when there is a death in a family. When anyone dies, he is buried promptly with no ceremony whatever.

A funeralizing is only a deferred memorial service, delayed, of necessity, until a preacher can be procured. Usually the funeralizing takes place as soon as conditions make it convenient. But perhaps, before the meager pittance for paying the preacher is saved up, several members of the family, or near-kin, have died and one service does for all. In the early autumn when the weather is good, the roads fit for travel, and the water in the creeks is at its lowest, it is "norrated round" that at a certain burying-ground there will be a funeralizing.

A few years ago I attended a three-days' funeralizing. The services began about nine in the morning and, with an intermission for dinner, lasted until about two hours before sundown.

The preachers, a few of the nearest kin of those for whom the services were held, and several men and women who led the singing, sat on the platform. The service began with prayer, during which all knelt. The preacher felt constrained to give the Lord much advice as to whom He should bless, the ground was hard, and it seemed as if the prayer would never end. There were a number of preachers, and each took a text selected by the departed. In case of sudden death, the text is chosen by the family. A man may preach as long as he wishes.

Long delays sometimes lead to rather embarrassing situations, as, for instance, when a "preaching" is for a wife long dead, and, in the noon intermission, the preacher marries the second wife and baptises her baby. Such situations cause no comment, for all understand that the couple were married as soon as they could get a preacher. Courting, in the mountains, is a serious affair. When a girl accepts the attentions of a young man, she is practically his "woman" and may not even smile upon another. When she has been married three months, she is thereafter his "old woman," though she may be barely sixteen.

There is one thing to be said for funeralizings; time has healed the acute pain, and the bereaved can listen attentively and gather what crumbs of comfort they may from the words of the preacher.—*Harriet E. Brown*

STUDENTS—U. S. AND FOREIGN

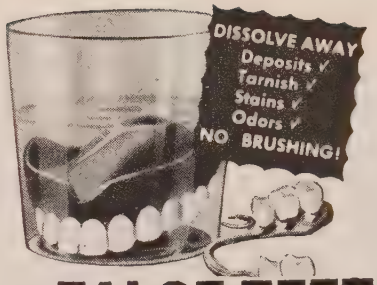
from "Unemployment in the Learned Professions"

THE United States not only holds the record in total student enrollments, but it also has a higher proportion of students to population than any other country. In 1932, out of every 125 inhabitants of the United States, one went to university or college. There is nothing in Europe to parallel this formidable phenomenon. A highly developed country like Switzerland extended the privileges of a higher education only to one out of 511 inhabitants in 1934.

The difference is even more striking if we compare the number of persons of college age with the number of those who are actually in an institution of higher learning. Charles H. Judd estimates that one out of every seven persons of college age was actually frequenting an American college in 1930. The corresponding Swiss figures for 1930 are 1:20 for the male population of Switzerland and 1:238 for the female population.

In the light of these figures, one is tempted to conclude that, in the matter of higher education, Europe is as backward as she is in the use of automobiles or refrigerators.

The badge of leadership.—*The News, Lynchburg, Va.*



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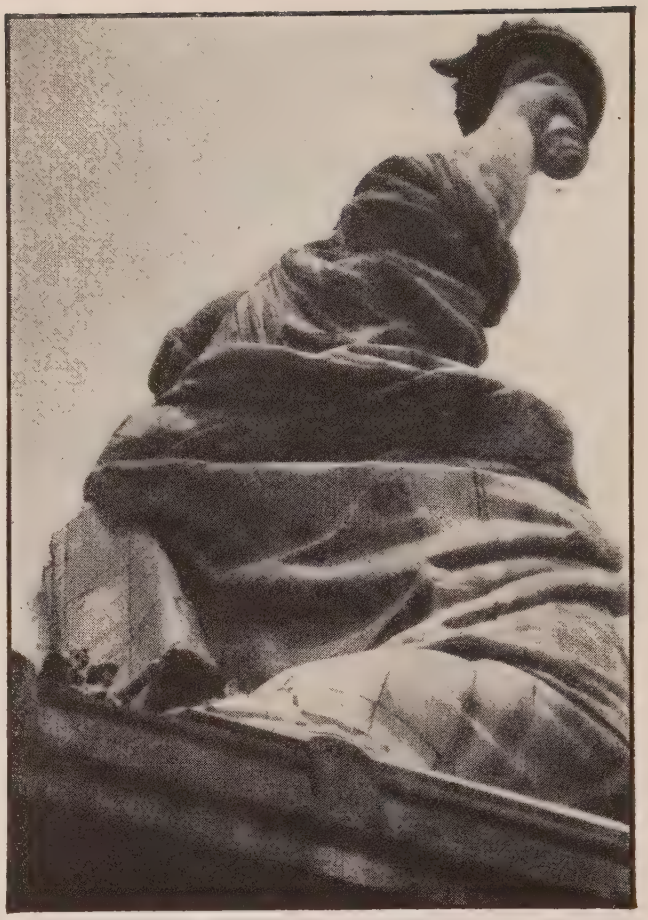
Many casual observers, both in the United States and in Europe, have fallen to this temptation. And numerous are the Europeans, seconded by a few Americans, who, in defense of the European system, declare that America is only making up in quantity what she lacks in quality. Both these assumptions are unjustified.

For all further purposes it is essential to realize that the American figures are not comparable with European figures, or, more correctly speaking, that they can serve as a basis for comparison only if correctly understood and interpreted. The statistics of higher education in the United States include a very large proportion of "students" who, according to European standards, are not of college or university rank in the matter of scholarship.

The first two years in an American college of the liberal type correspond much more nearly to the last two years of a secondary school in Europe. There is little or no specialization and no attempt at independent research. The students are given a general education and even the outward forms of teaching and learning resemble those of secondary schools in Europe. Compulsory attendance, a rigid system of credits, which in spite of notable exceptions is still very general, study under close supervision and control are all elements which indicate the secondary-school character of a large section of American college life.

Liberally estimated, the number of students above sophomore year in degree-giving institutions in the United States, including graduate students, is 450,000. This means about one student for every 275 of the total population, a figure which, though still above most of the European figures, brings us much nearer to an understanding of the real extent to which the American people participate in higher education.

The distinction made between the first two years and the last years of college life in the United States is obviously somewhat arbitrary. However, it can be estimated that the number of students in certain colleges which even in their last years are not much more than glorified secondary schools are canceled out by the students in those colleges which, even in their first years, come very near to the European idea of an institution of higher learning.—*Walter M. Kotschnig* (Oxford University Press, $3.50)



GOOD RIGHT ARM of the "comfortable matron" of Bedloe's Island was recently repaired by government funds. (*New York: City of Cities*, Lippincott, $3.50)

CITY OF IMITATORS

from "New York: City of Cities"

NEW YORKERS are oddly imitative. Let one person stop and look attentively, all will stop to look. Having heard of this foible, I tried it out one day by standing on the curb on Broadway and looking fixedly at the cornice of a tall building opposite. Several people lined up, following the direction of my eyes. One said: "What is it?" I answered: "I don't know," and walked on. Five minutes later, when I came back, there was still a knot of people standing on the curb staring at the cornice. As fast as one drifted away another came up and stopped. "What is it?" they asked, and the answer always was: "I don't know."

Any excuse will serve to start the kids charging down the street crying delightedly: "Somepin t'matteh! Somepin t'matteh!" A couple who live in Stamford had a local girl for maid-of-all-work who had never been to New York. When her day off came around they persuaded her to spend it in town. She returned

looking exhausted. "Well, Annie," said her mistress, "what did you see?" "Oh, ma'am, all the people start to run down the street and I run too." "What was it, a fire?" "No, ma'am. A lady got a fish-bone stuck in her throat!"—*Hulbert Footner* (J. B. Lippincott Co., $3.50)

WARTIME ZOO DIET

from "The Observer," London

JAPAN'S drive for wartime economy has reached the carnivorous animals of the Tokyo Zoo.

A wolf which formerly lived on horse-flesh has been put on a diet of sardines and vegetables, and the meat rations of the lion and lioness are being cut down. Fish is being served to these monarchs of the jungle as a partial substitute, and experiments will later be made with the traditional Japanese fare, boiled rice and vegetables.

The feeding of the animals is in charge of two expert dietitians, who express confidence that the shift from the meat diet will prove beneficial to the animals and eliminate some of the parasites which now bother them.

A sum of 11,740 yen is now budgeted for meat for the comparatively few inmates of the Zoo; it is hoped that 5000 yen (about $1500) can be saved.

LANGUAGE WITHOUT LOGIC

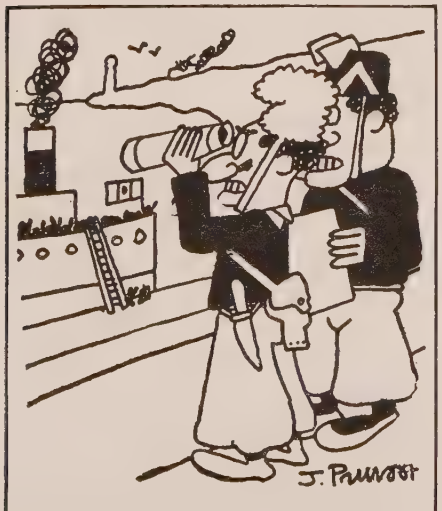
from "The Chinese Mercury"

ANY American who has tried to teach a foreigner the English language has been impressed with how often the use of logic fails to yield correct speech. A Chinese student greets his teacher on the campus some morning with a polite "Good morning!" That evening, responding to an invitation to visit his teacher's home, the student bows politely and says "Good night!" as his host answers the doorbell. In the smile that he sees on his teacher's face he imagines that he reads something more than a smile of welcome, and he is puzzled.

The story is told that one young Chinese, whose study of English began with a diligent perusal of a book on English conversation, enrolled in a mission university to get the value of first-hand contact with English-speaking people. Crossing the campus, he met one of the foreign members of the faculty, and, with becoming grace, he bowed and said, "Good morning, Sir or Madam, as the case may be."

Following the devastating Japanese earthquake in 1923, one Chinese student wrote an essay in which he said, "While it is natural for us to grieve for the dead in Japan, it is more practical for us to use our energies in helping the undead." Another student explained the cause of the earthquake by saying that "a volcano had sneezed an eruption."

Again there is the case of the resourceful Chinese girl taking her comprehensive English examination for entrance into a normal school who was confronted with the necessity of giving the word opposite for "pride." After reflecting, she wrote "pridegroom." In desperation, a teacher of English feels like insisting that whatever else a student uses when writing English, it must be neither his head nor the dictionary.—*Walter A. Hearn*



In Spain: "Who are these 65,000 men?" "Part of the 40,000 volunteers we have here."—*Oeuvre, Paris*

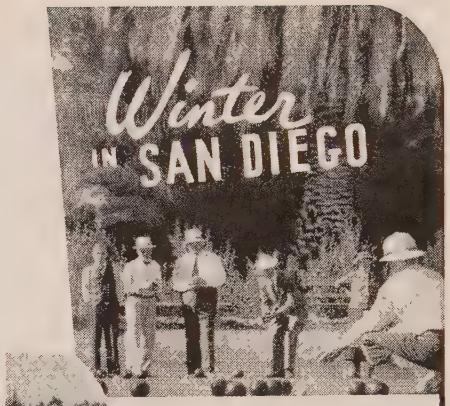
DIVORCEE WITH A BROOM

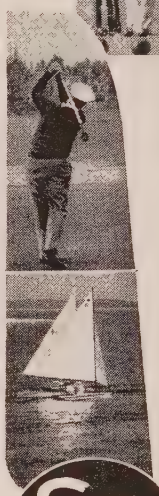
from "Chinese Women: Yesterday and Today"

ON THE whole, divorce in ancient China was rare, but a famous case is recorded in early Chinese history. Chiang T'ai-kung, who lived in the eleventh or twelfth century B.C., and became adviser to the founder of the Chou dynasty, was in his early youth not only poor, but unlucky. Peddling and other undertakings were unsuccessful. His wife, Madame Ma, lost patience, demanded divorce, and married a carpenter. Later Chiang T'ai-kung, now a duke, passed through the town where she lived. Madame Ma, regretting her haste, urged that she be reinstated. In reply, Chiang T'ai-kung asked her to throw a basin of water into the street. She did so. "Get the water back," said the duke, and, when she stood impotent before the impossible task, he continued, "As you cannot take back water once thrown on the street, I cannot take back a wife once parted with."

Madame Ma, forthwith, committed suicide. Her former spouse, appalled at this happening, arranged that she be canonized as "sweeper of the atmosphere." Her figure, cut out in paper, shows a woman with a broom.

Madame Ma's effigy is kept in the women's rooms, hanging under the roof; is brought out when good weather is desired or when, in time of drought, rain is badly needed.—*Florence Ayscough* (Houghton Mifflin Co., $3.50)





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Arts and Letters

PHOTO BY DISRAELI

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, who is glad "to be quit" of *The Trojan Horse*, completed after seven years' work

Troy Up-to-Date

WHATEVER the Duke of Windsor knows about British constitutional law—and, judging by recent events, it isn't very much—he learned from Christopher Morley, whose *The Trojan Horse,** a new book on one of the world's most ancient themes, has just appeared. Whether his Oxford contacts with modern royalty gave him a hint or two in dealing with the royalty of ancient Troy, Mr. Morley does not say: but he let out the secret of the Duke of Windsor's legal education a few months ago:

"The Prince was a senior at Oxford," said Mr. Morley. "I sat next to him. He was a charming youth, and intelligent, but he had had so much private tutoring all his life that he couldn't follow a rapid-fire lecturer. In despair he started copying my notes and continued to do so throughout the course."

During that same winter, appeared a slim, blue-gray volume of verse called *The Eighth Sin,* by "C. D. Morley," today a collector's item while its author is still very much alive. *The Trojan Horse,* his fifty-second book, is published in his forty-seventh year. It is a modern variation of the old story of the Trojan hero, Troilus, and his love for faithless Cressida, who, sent to the Greek expeditionary force in exchange for the Trojan prisoner, Antenor, forgets her first love in favor of Captain Diomedes of the Greek Army.

Trojan whoopee

WHEN Chaucer, Boccaccio, Shakespeare, and Dryden have used a theme, not much is left for a modern writer. Mr. Morley gets out of the difficulty by modernizing his tale to the limit. There are amusingly up-to-date glimpses of royal life in Priam's palace. Some Homeric scenes are given a twentieth-century twist in broadcasts by the radio news commentator of the *Daily Ilium.* Uncle Pandarus is transformed into a painfully modern war profiteer. Troy is provided with its first night club, where Greek and Trojan heroes jointly make whoopee. The story is told partly in dramatic dialogue, partly in rather wooden blank verse, partly in radio broadcasts, and partly in narrative.

It all combines into an agreeable light book for a lazy week-end; but, having made a reputation for whimsy, the author insists upon being so exceedingly whimsical on such exceedingly slight provocation, that it hurts him, hurts the reader, and hurts the book.

Mr. Morley is fat and conscious of it, loose-limbed with shambling gait and a sly whimsy in the eyes. His photographs usually show him pipe in mouth, and this is no accident. The Morley rule is "Love me, love my pipe," or, as many a photographer has found out, "No pipe, no picture." But there are a few exceptions.

Those who know him at all feel that they know him well. He is interested in everyone and everything about him, a jovial, lively conversationalist. He has many friends because he takes the trouble to keep them, writing dozens of letters and notes daily, sharing liberally in his thoughts and enthusiasms. All in all, Christopher Morley is an exceptionally popular man. His acquaintances can say only this against him; he is an incorrigible punster, and, unfortunately, his books average two to a page, sometimes pretty sad ones.

Mr. Morley keeps out of the newspapers most of the time, just breaking in with an occasional word or so. Last January he debated against his brother, Felix Morley, editor of *The Washington Post,* at the Town Hall, New York, upholding the proposition: Newspapers do more harm than good. Morley won—there were no judges.

About *The Trojan Horse.* Mr. Morley expresses the "large exultation of having finished it. And also the deep and troubling hole that it leaves in my inward concerns, to be quit of something I have dreamed about so long." He began the book in 1930.

Troilus, he says, represents the frustrated idealist, a combination Romeo and Hamlet. And the Trojan Horse symbolizes something. Mr. Morley is not sure just what, but says it might be War, The Machine, Science, Fascism, Communism or Power. At any rate, it is "a brute past control," and there, after 200 pages of sprightly business, the matter rests.

Federal Writers Go Slumming

WHILE H. L. Mencken, author of *The American Language,* tears his hair over the alleged iniquities of the New Deal, the Federal Writers' Project of New York City sets about a job which should all but undo the critic; it is compiling a dictionary of slang. Nothing could show more clearly what the government thinks of Mr. Mencken and *his* book.

Actually the dictionary idea arose after publication of *American Stuff,* caravan of creative work by WPA scribes. Tucked between poems and short stories in this book were eight pieces based on slang, songs, and conversation snagged in various parts of the country. The first dictionary will be included in *This Is New York,* WPA-written guide which Random House will publish this winter, and will deal mostly with the peculiar wordage developed in New York since the turn of the century. A later and more ambitious volume will cover the whole American scene.

New York slang

Here are some of the more engaging vulgarisms and their sources:

Bartenders — "gas drinker" (ginger ale drinker); burlesque employees—"indigo" (off-color humor); Harlemites—"bardacious" (marvelous); radio script writers — "hup-cha-da-bup-cha" (belly laugh); soda jerkers—"hounds on an island" (frankfurters and beans), "scandal soup" (tea) and "first lady" (spare ribs); truck drivers—"anchor" (emergency brake).

All of which points to the possibility that the English language may some day be as colorful and punchy as it was in Elizabethan times. With H. L. Mencken and a New Deal agency getting together on its glories, something is bound to happen.

*Lippincott, $2.50

Topics in the News

Business . Science . Education . Movies . Theater

BUSINESS: Public utilities once more take the spotlight

LIKE A RASH, problems broke out all over the face of public utilities last month. Yet, despite its mottled condition, observers predicted it would recover to continued good health.

As Harold Fleming, correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor,* wired his paper from New York: "All these developments might work some clarification of the utilities' very foggy political outlook, and the comparatively favorable action of utility shares in the stock market in recent months indicates a hope that the net outcome may be favorable."

For the last four years, editorializes the New York *Journal of Commerce,* "the utility industry . . . has lived under a triple threat. First, the federal government has embarked upon the construction of several major power projects, bearing the misleading designation of 'yardsticks,' to compete directly with private utilities. Secondly, federal funds have been made available as loans and grants to municipalities for the same purpose. Finally, the 'death sentence' clause of the Public Utility Holding Company Act provides for a drastic reorganization of the corporate and financial structure of the industry."

Last month utility companies fought the New Deal's power program through test cases in a variety of courts. In Chattanooga, Tennessee, before a federal district court, 19 Southern utilities sought to have the TVA declared unconstitutional. In Washington the Duke Power Company plumped a brief in the lap of of the United States Supreme Court, charging that the New Deal "yardstick" for power rates was a method of short-cutting and supplanting the established lawful method of regulating rates. In two other courts, utilities challenged the New Deal's right to lend money to a city to build a power plant in competition with private industry and its right to erect transmission lines in Nebraska and Texas with PWA. And so on down the line.

An adverse decision in an action brought by the Electric Bond & Share Corporation took another utility problem closer to solution—the Public Utility Holding Company Act of 1935—with the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals ruling against the company's effort to avoid registration with the SEC. Indications last week were that Electric Bond & Share would take its case to the Supreme Court. If that high tribunal decides that Electric Bond & Share must register with the SEC, all other balky holding companies presumably will follow suit. Already 35 per cent of the utility holding companies have registered, according to the SEC.

Two weeks ago, in permitting the People's Light & Power Company to reorganize, the SEC said: "The problem of consummating integrated public utility systems under the act is of necessity in many cases an evolutionary rather than a revolutionary process. As a practical matter, it will often be necessary to accomplish the ultimate objectives of the act by a series of steps rather than by one direct step." From this sympathetic attitude, utility men took heart. The *Christian Science Monitor* observes: "The likelihood is that the 'death sentence' will turn out to be a process of simplification."

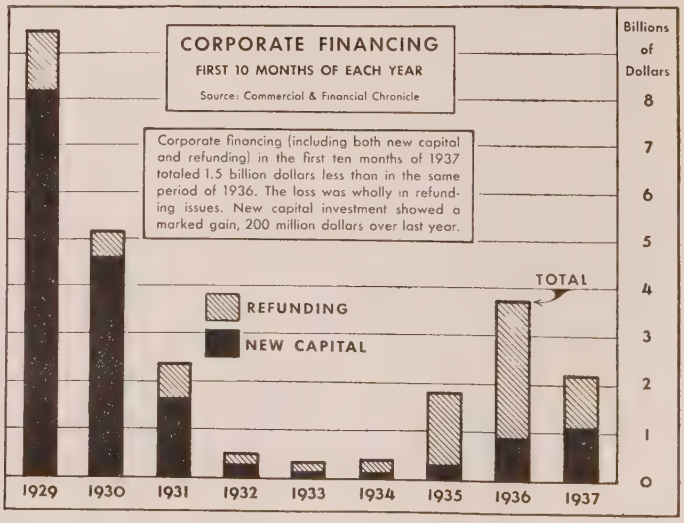
Last week, conferences were planned between the President and utility executives. Utility men hoped that the New Deal would patch up its differences with the industry, but were "apprehensive of the renewed activity of the President for enactment of natural resources planning legislation and none too happy over the reference made by the President [in his message to Congress] to their capital structures," according to the New York *Journal of Commerce.*

President Roosevelt indicated three weeks ago, according to Dewey L. Fleming, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun,* "that there was no reason why public utilities could not continue their monopoly if they would agree to value their properties on . . . a reasonable basis, and to supply services to municipalities at reasonable rates."

In theory, valuing "their properties on a reasonable basis" or on a basis of "prudent investment" means "the amount reasonably and honestly invested in public utility properties in public service," according to a brief filed with the Supreme Court by the Federal Power Commission.

If the New Deal's truce with utilities comes true, utility men promise to let loose a flood of construction orders. As

	1937			1936
	Nov. 13	Nov. 6	Oct. 30	Nov. 14
STOCK SALES	130	141	144	117
BOND SALES	87	90	87	117
BANK DEBITS—N. Y. CITY	98	88	88	98
DEPOSIT CIRCULATION—N. Y. CITY	113	104	105	93
BANK DEBITS OUTSIDE N. Y. CITY	119	118	121	119
FREIGHT CARLOADINGS	106	107	108	113
BITUMINOUS COAL PRODUCTION	109	113	115	119
CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION	142	143	146	122
AUTOMOBILE PRODUCTION	109	124	138	98
ELECTRIC POWER PRODUCTION	130	131	133	124
COTTON FORWARDINGS	128	134	137	129
CONSTRUCTION CONTRACTS	120	122	132	113
STEEL PRODUCTION	77	84	90	129
INDEX OF GENERAL BUSINESS	**112**	**114**	**117**	**115**



DOWN FURTHER goes our index, losing five points in two weeks. The loss is largely in automobile and steel production, both of which were sensitive to stock-market recession

the Committee of Public Utility Executives has pointed out: "The construction lethargy of the utilities has proved a drag on recovery, especially in the durable goods industry. It is as least an important factor in the present industrial retreat from prosperity. . . . An electric utility construction deficit of $2,600,000,000 has accumulated in the past five years. Next year's normal construction would justify expenditure of at least one billion dollars—provided present obstacles were removed."

SCIENCE: Experts explore the idea that criminals are insane

"EVERY member of society is a potential criminal in the sense that an unfavorable constellation of circumstances might incite him to commit a crime." So Dr. N. S. Timasheff, criminologist of Harvard University, reminds us in discussing "The Retributive Structure of Punishment" in the current *Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology*.

"It is often purely a matter of accidental circumstance whether an individual arrives in a psychopathic hospital or in a prison," concludes psychiatrist C. C. Wholey, in the same journal. This conclusion he reaches following a study of 239 psychopathic cases and 200 non-psychopathic cases from Western State Penitentiary in Pennsylvania. He believes that psychopathic crimes are most likely to be against the person, while non-psychopathic crimes tend to be against property.

Criminologists in general agree with Dr. Wholey that mental disease is much more prevalent among prisoners than among the general population. But most authorities opine that mental disease in prisoners is a result of the harsh prison environment rather than a prelude to it. An examination of 10,000 prisoners by the Psychiatric Clinic of the Court of General Sessions showed that only 18 per cent were mentally abnormal, according to psychiatrists W. Bromberg and C. B. Thompson.

Writing in *Mental Hygiene*, on "Crime and Adolescence," Dr. B. Karpman avers: "Though the impression is that criminal behavior is first manifested in the adolescent period, this is merely an outward extension of developing factors that have been preparing themselves since infancy. Crime is an emotionally conditioned reaction which takes its origin in the early life of the individual."

Meanwhile, certain eugenists make crime wholly a product of faulty heredity. And over the mechanism of heredity, the only possible control which we have is still theoretical: the breeding-out of the unfit, through future generations. Of course, conservative students of inheritance contend merely that *tendencies* toward certain mental weaknesses and possible criminality are handed down from generation to generation.

Still other criminologists make environmental factors prime causes of crime: "In urban areas, it has been shown that 89 per cent of juvenile offenses are committed by *two or more* juveniles working together." "Certain areas in the cities are responsible for more crime than are other more well-ordered areas." "Reformatory and correctional schools contribute to the spread of delinquency." Motion pictures, evil books, and scandal sheets are additional environmental factors which we hear blamed every day.

Dr. L. S. Selling, in *Scientia* (Bologna) asserts: "Neither a single weakness in personality nor a general 'criminal trait' is ever a cause of crime. In any individual, a group of traits impels him toward crime, another group deters him. The 'criminal threshold' is the 'pattern of interaction' of these traits."

Dr. J. S. Perry, in the *Medical Record*, goes even further in relating crime and insanity: "Delinquency may often be based upon mental and emotional dissatisfactions, creditable in themselves but of such strength as to impel misconduct as a means of relief from tension."

Is every criminal to be regarded as insane? Criminologists disagree. Yet, at any rate, the idea of criminal guilt is already old-fashioned, according to Dr. J. J. M. Scanderett, also writing in the *Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology:* "Under the influence of modern sociology, the idea of individual guilt and its punishment for revenge is giving way to the concepts of prevention and the protection of society."

The criminal, just the same, remains a hostile man—to all criminologists as well as to society. However guiltless he may be judged psychiatrically, and however much we may sympathize with his mental pathology, the hostile man is still a public enemy. Unavoidably, he must be dealt with as such.

SOIBELMAN

GRUNION RUN brings sportive fishermen to ocean sands near Long Beach, California. Grunion, smelt-like fish, roll in biweekly with high tides, are easily caught and cooked at beach fires. Their number is lessening

EDUCATION: Amish folk shun their new PWA school

SEVEN solemn, bearded Amish farmers of Pennsylvania's East Lampeter Township sat intently before the desk of Governor George H. Earle in Harrisburg. They watched their attorney, John Landberg, explain their fight against the latest threat to their rigid, old-fashioned sect.

The township board had closed the Amishmen's little red schoolhouses, on the edge of their neat tobacco farms, and had ordered children to attend, instead, the new $125,000 PWA-built consolidated school at Smoketown.

"These people," Attorney Landberg pleaded, "believe there are too many worldly temptations in this school. They were satisfied with the old ones. They don't want their children to grow away from the farm and the religion."

The ornate Smoketown edifice was equipped with such forbidden Amish innovations as radios and electricity, he said. To reach it children had to go four or five miles in busses. Still more objectionable, the project involved the contraction of debt, contrary to Amish practices of thrift.

Governor Earle cast a friendly eye at the grave figures in black and gray homespun, nervously fingering wide-brimmed hats. He ruled that the matter was one of religion and ordered the ten one-room schools operated at the state's extra expense. Isaak Fisher, white-haired patriarch, wrung the Governor's hand, saying: "You're a mighty just man."

The Amish delegation hastened back to East Lampeter to spread the good news

and celebrate. Happily, it was the approach of the sect's wedding season; and a grand party was promised. Last week final preparations were made to hold the affair in Hostetter's play barn.

Pennsylvania's picturesque Amish belong to those Early Sectarians sprinkled about the state—Mennonites, Dunkards, and others. Specifically, they are the Pennsylvania Dutch, but they form with other queer sectarians a miscellaneous group known as the "Plain People." Amish follow Jacob Amman, whose faction, opposing progressivism, seceded from the Mennonite Church in the German Palatinate in 1620. They went to Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1683. Today there are 250,000 "Plain People" in the state. Lancaster County, embracing East Lampeter Township, counts about 20,000 Amish and Mennonites.

Menno Simons (1492-1559), of Friesland, founded the severe Mennonite evangelical Protestant Christians. But in Lancaster the chief difference between Amish and Mennonites is that the Amish, less numerous and more rigid, use hooks and eyes instead of buttons. For this Amishmen are known sometimes as Hookers. Color is kept to a minimum. Jewelry is practically taboo. Men folk upon marriage like to let beards grow, shave the upper lip, and bang the hair. They wear denim or somber broadcloth, and queer trousers.

Like the Quakers, they favor nonresistance and frown upon worldly wisdom and ways. The more liberal hold services in church, but conservatives confine spiritual activities to the home.

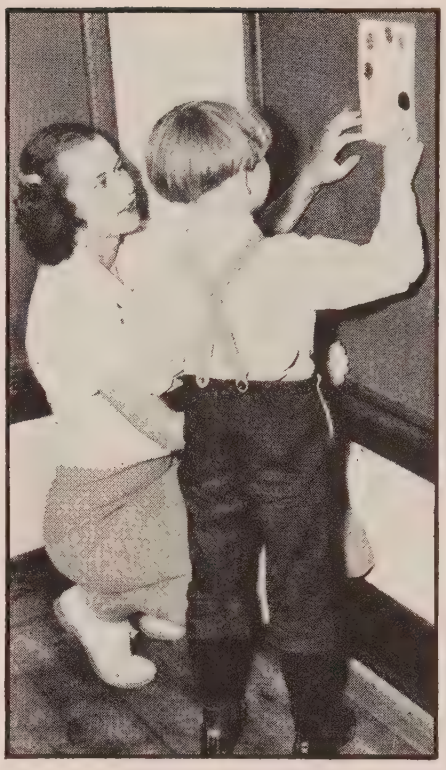
All Amishmen avoid life insurance, juries, courts, military service. They regard movies, dancing, and even motoring as worldly, though some of them have had used cars for years. They take pride in their teams, but drive wagons without dashboards, paint, or trimmings. A hobby among young Amish is training of fine livestock. In homes they allow no musical instruments, and lace curtains do not grace windows.

Amishmen are proud that they helped to make Lancaster County first in farm products among 3000 United States counties for fifty years. Thrifty and frugal, they are always ready to share with the less fortunate of their sect.

Amish girls are apple-cheeked and fair, good-lookers as a rule. They doll up in pasteboard bonnets of black caught with blue ribbons, and cover shoulders with fringeless gray shawls. Skirts, held with pins, come to the ground, hiding high-laced shoes and cotton stockings. Waists are narrow and sleeves long. The Amish woman usually wears the muslin cap beneath her bonnet indoors as well. Her mother may affect a bit of color with a purple apron or orange neckerchief. Children are miniatures of elders.

Last week and this, young Amish men and women turned thoughts to their only form of festivity. Corn-husking time was

INTERNATIONAL



CONTRASTING modern teacher and Amish son, in the new school which the Amish parents reject

at an end. Young farmers scrubbed knuckles and went a-calling at blue-painted gates, marking homes of marriageable daughters. Troths plighted, they drove fast teams into Lancaster to fetch the marriage licenses. It was easy to tell them. Names prevalent among the Amish are Stoltzfus, Lapp, Byler, Glick, Zook, Fisher. For given names they like David, Jonathan, Aaron.

Wedding morn found relatives gathering early at brides' homes, food and other gifts piled high on tables. Appearing in the only white she will ever wear, the bride moved quickly with her man before the minister. The sermon usually lasted two hours. The knot tied, the feast began, with from 100 to 125 persons taking part. A typical menu consisted of roast ducks, chickens, and geese, dozens of plates of vegetables, and hundreds of pies and cakes. Afterward the younger element turned to games and song.

Last week at these feasts elder Amishmen wore worried looks. They are against education beyond the age of 14. Pennsylvania has raised the compulsory school age to 16. Previously Amish children were excused at 14 under an exception to the law for farm hands and domestics. These schools have been teaching six grades, which allows Amish children to get out by 14. If they lose their appeal for an exception, their children will go to Smoketown later anyhow.

But liberal parents in East Lampeter have felt that sooner or later the little school buildings must go. They are poorly lighted affairs, lack plumbing, and are damp and cold until the cannon stove

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INTERNATIONAL

AMISH PARENTS in Pennsylvania do not want their children to attend this new PWA school. They believe in simplicity and not too much education

becomes red hot three or four hours after class opens. Moreover, five classes have to study while only one can recite.

MOVIES: The week offers variety in screen entertainment

52nd Street—Walter Wanger gets this department's medal as the year's most thorough-going cynic. There's no other way to account for his unloading *52nd Street* on a defenseless public. His current dish purports to unfold the glamorous evolution of a New York City street from a dignified residential section to a bedlam of all-night bistros. Actually it earns only a loud horse laugh from New Yorkers and a continuous yawn from most everybody else.

Second Honeymoon—Philip Wylie's unimportant magazine story becomes an equally unimportant—but pleasant—movie, thanks to 20th Century-Fox. *Second Honeymoon* is amusing and gay. It stars Loretta Young and Tyrone Power, unfolding the mysteries of a unique moonlight sport. Proguing happens at only one place in the world—Key Largo, Florida. Equipped with a flat-bottom boat, high-powered flashlight, and a long three-pronged fork, the proguer put-puts through the midnight water spearing every strange tropical fish in sight.

Merry-go-round of 1938—Four famous comics display their specialties in a pretty plotless musical comedy whose cast also includes Alice Brady and Joy Hodges. Your enjoyment of Universal's lavish affair will depend on whether Bert Lahr, Jimmy Savo, Billy House and Mischa Auer are essential to your well-being.

Non-Stop New York—An utterly improbable melodrama—which nevertheless had this reviewer's hands clammy with terror—is *Non-Stop New York,* the new Gaumont-British film. Its plot is the apprehension and capture of an international gangster. Thanks to the use of an air liner, all the passengers become involved in the frantic proceedings. Outstanding are Anna Lee (last seen in *King Solomon's Mines,* as the heroine, the handsome John Loder as the Scotland Yard hero, and the maddeningly funny Desmond Tester as a violin prodigy.

Lancer Spy—A war drama, based on the old mistaken-identity trick, makes *Lancer Spy* a not-too-original film. On the other hand, 20th-Century-Fox has peopled it with popular players, including Dolores Del Rio, Peter Lorre, Lionel Atwill, Joseph Schildkraut, and George Sanders, a newcomer for whom the studio predicts a great future. The film marks Gregory Ratoff's debut as a director.

Madame Bovary—A German film with English subtitles introduces Pola Negri in the title role of Flaubert's novel.

The Return of Maxim—Lenfilm's latest picture is the second of a trilogy which promises to be the Soviet cinema's greatest epic of the Revolution.

The Last Gangster—Our old friend Public Enemy No. 1 is with us again, in the strangely familiar guise of Edward G. Robinson. There are those, no doubt, for whom this reincarnation of machine guns, Alcatraz, tough talk, and the inevitable halo around the criminal's Last Moment will have a nostalgic warmth. It's hokum, of the most glaring and familiar order—but it's "mellerdrammer."

Heidi—Mistress Shirley Temple, abetted by 20th-Century-Fox, is dishing it out strictly for the kiddies this time. Her vehicle is that sweet and light novel, *Heidi,* by Johanna Spyri.

THEATER: A new repertory group, a new *Julius Caesar*

CAUSE for rejoicing on Broadway, which promises to continue for many months, is *Julius Caesar,* first presentation of the recently formed Mercury Theatre, self-described as "New York's classical repertory theatre."

Caesar earned not a single demerit in any review, an almost-unheard-of state of affairs. Instead, column after column lauded the perfection of every point—acting, direction, lighting, even the treatment of Shakespeare's text. LITERARY DIGEST is elated to throw in its own hat in praise of a highly original, brilliant, and exultant theater experience.

This is no heavy, historical exposition, pages of which you had to memorize in high school. It is a *Caesar* in modern street clothes. There are no sets. Brick building walls, pointed up here and there by steam fittings, form the permanent back drop. Lights and the cast accomplish the rest. Lights that are sometimes brilliant, sometimes close to darkness. A cast that is both thoughtful and inspired.

If you believe that you have drained every last droney dreg out of "Friends, Romans, Countrymen," listen to that speech, on fire with rabble-rousing technique, as you hear it in this new production. If you thought Caesar was a marble bust, or a failing mark in first-year Latin, have a look at Joseph Holland, as Julius. If you suspected Antony of being only Cleopatra's playboy, hear George Colouris, as Mark. If you knew Cassius as a dull, hazy third of the First Triumvirate, meet Martin Gabel, as Cassius.

Above all, if your Brutus was not a man but a philosophical concept, run—even from San Francisco—for a glimpse of Orson Welles as Marcus Brutus. These men were trained in *Dead End* and Theatre Guild productions, with Katharine Cornell and Eva Le Gallienne, and in the Theatre Union and Group Theatre.

There are many surprises in this remarkable debut. Confusion is avoided by abolishing the traditional intermission. The curtain rises at nine and stays up until the play is over. The Mercury's founders have another welcome theory: that the stage is still a living art, in spite

of its recent illness, but that overpricing of theater tickets is a dangerous practice. Hence the top per ticket is $2.20, instead of the usual $4.40.

Responsible for the Mercury Theatre with all its innovations are Orson Welles and John Houseman, two young men whose ideas bear watching. During the depression they joined the WPA, took charge of Federal Theater Project 891, an experimental unit, and turned it into WPA's most successful theatrical venture. They produced Christopher Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* and the Negro *Macbeth*.

As John Anderson wrote in the New York *Journal and American*, "*Julius Caesar* would have been a fascinating experiment even if it had failed. That it succeeds so splendidly is enough to blow the hinges off the dictionary."

A lynching play

LIKE the prodigal son, Mr. Dore Schary returned from Hollywood to write *Too Many Heroes*, a two-act play about lynching. Brutal, hair-raising, eminently worth while in its first act, it descends therefrom to a somnolent character study of the one man in the town who rebelled, nauseated, at the lynching in which he participated. Critics found it a brave failure.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

A PARTY of New York sportsmen announce that everything they bag on their hunting trip in Canada will be sent to New York hospitals. This probably will include the guides and the less nimble members of the party.—*Wall Street Journal.*

No matter in what direction a tax is hurled, it always hits the ultimate consumer.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

Many a time when a lady appears pensive she is really just planning to be very expensive.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

Doctors have more than socialized medicine to worry about. The Department of Agriculture estimates this year's crop of apples at 211,100,000 bushels.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

According to the United States Secretary of Agriculture, two-thirds of the farmers are producing one-fourth of the crops and three-fourths of the children who will be the next farmers. So that if you drop in on an American farm, the chances are that you'll find one-third of an American farmer raising one-eighth of a crop and three-eighths of a child.—*Toronto Star.*

Plunging into the Congressional swimming hole, Bruce Barton announces his intention not to become a politician. He must have brought along his water wings. —*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

As a general theme, depression is wearing out. The strangest thing now is the emergency that is on its way to a ripe old age.—*Jack Warwick in Toledo Blade.*

Scenes in the night clubs these winter nights are reported pretty disorderly, when some stewed quince meets a fried peach and wants to do the big apple. —*New York Sun.*

Britain is having some trouble in designing a gas mask for babies. It is not at all impossible that in the next war the casualty lists will be made up largely of "babies killed in action."—*Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat & Chronicle.*

A scientist says it is the lower part of the face, not the eyes, that gives away one's thoughts. Especially when one opens the lower part of the face.—*Montreal Star.*

LUCAS & PRITCHARD

A NEW JULIUS CAESAR comes to the stage, in modern dress and with a background of brick walls instead of classic columns; and it wins high praise. Orson Welles (left) produces it and also plays the part of Brutus

FOR THE RECORD

MAGAZINES, newspapers, and writers make strange errors. Some are ludicrous; some are simply errors in fact. Send in those you run across in any publication—even in this magazine. For each one printed the LITERARY DIGEST will pay two dollars.

Nature Note—No upper front teeth have cows.—*Life.*

Cowbird—An Ohio farm woman, Mrs. N— K—, has a pet cow which knocks on her kitchen window every morning until she lets him in for breakfast . . . bread crumbs, raw hamburger, and milk.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Hunger Strike—WANTED: Experienced white or colored nurse maid to care for child, 3-year-old. Must live on promises.—*Daytona Beach News-Journal.*

Tired Triped—Strayed or Stolen—A black stallion, 2½ years old. Has blase face and three white feet. Finder notify Bill E—.—.*Tampa Tribune.*

Premonition—P—, after arranging for his birth in Oakland, studied at the California School of Fine Arts.—*Oakland Tribune.*

Dual Drive—The north-bound automobile was driven by R— B—, 54, of 2— Madison-av., S.E., and his wife.—*Grand Rapids Press.*

Muddy Millennium—On Dewal Drive and Rhodes Avenue water poured down near Mostert Mill and left a six-inch covering of mud on the surface of the road for several hundred years.—*Sunday Times, Johannesburg, Transvaal.*

Order—Detectives must visit the polls during election hours. . . . Commanding officers will be held strictly accountable for conditions in their respective commands, and will see to it that there is no legal voting.—*New York World-Telegram.*

Tasty Leftover—If the chicken was served on Sunday and nothing left over, then serve creamed eggs on toast—the stewed tomatoes, asparagus salad and the '34 Chevrolet Standard Coupe. $245. —*Arkansas Democrat.*

The Spice of Life

(Title registered U. S. Patent Office)

Even Break—The owner of the restaurant, says Buddy Clark, walked menacingly toward his cashier.

"I see," he barked, "that you're a little behind in your accounts."

"Oh, no," answered the cashier, happily. "The restaurant's behind—I'm a few bucks to the good!"—Mark Hellinger in *New York Daily Mirror.*

Credit Where Due—A scientist says that dogs have memories and can do a little feeble thinking, but that they cannot make plans for the future. We hesitate to differ with a scientist, but at the same time we don't believe dogs bury food today to dig up and eat yesterday.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

Nepotism—Motorist: "I had the right of way when this man ran into me, yet you say I was to blame."

Cop: "You certainly were."

Motorist: "Why?"

Cop: "Because his father's the mayor, his brother's the chief of police, and I'm engaged to his sister."—Neal O'Hara in the *Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

Concentrate—"The surtax on any amount of surtax net income not shown in the table is computed by adding to the surtax for the largest amount shown which is less than the income, the surtax upon the excess over the amount at the rate indicated in the table."—Instruction on income-tax blank. We contend that the government should supply a slide rule, prayer book, and ouija board with each income-tax return-form.—*Washington Post.*

Anything to Please—"We have everything on the menu today, sir," the waitress said.

"So I see," the customer said. "How about a clean one?" *The Smith Card.*

As You Were—Georgie Jessel learned of the plans being made for an Eddie Cantor Week, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of his entrance into show business. "A whole week," Cantor enthused to him. "Imagine, the Fourth of July gets only one day, but for me—there's an Eddie Cantor Week." "For you," Jessel returned, "and Fire Prevention."—Leonard Lyons in *Philadelphia Record.*

Something in a Name—"After killing a deer, Babe Ruth oils up his trusty fowling piece for another day's hunt."—Caption under a news picture.

And when he goes after fowl, does the Babe use a pea-shooter?—*Baltimore Evening Sun.*

The Easy Lies—Let's hope justice will take account of man's frailty and weigh in a different scale his words pertaining to certain fishing exploits, the number of miles he gets on a gallon, his score on the water hole, and what he told the boss about running the business.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Power of Suggestion—Mother: "I don't think the man upstairs likes Johnnie to play on his drum."

Father: "Why?"

Mother: "Well, this afternoon he gave Johnnie a knife and asked him if he knew what was inside the drum."—*West Point Pointer.*

Jumping Giant—A new war tank of European design weighs 400 tons. They say it combines all the advantages of the old-style fortress with an ability to duck.—H. V. Wade in *Detroit News.*

Neighbors—There is no greater isolation than life in a city. The Larry Weingartens, living next door, were gone to Europe a month before we discovered it by receiving a post card from Switzerland. Greeted their return through the fence the other day, only to learn that they had been *back* a month!—*Rob Wagner's Script.*

Diehard—And then there was the condemned golfer who asked the hangman, "Mind if I take a couple of practice swings?"—*Punch Bowl.*

Unsolved Problems—Agricultural experts are trying to think up a law which will help the farmer without bringing too much pain to the city slicker's neck. The ever-normal quandary.—Howard Brubaker in *The New Yorker.*

Persistent—Visitor: "I suppose they ask a lot for the rent of this sumptuous apartment."

Hostess: "Yes, they asked Harold seven times last month."—*Pathfinder.*

Fame—Dorothy McNulty, who was pretty good even before she hit the movies, gets married in Hollywood, and the copyreaders headline the happy event "Farley's Niece Marries." Which reminds an old rememberer of the time Robert E. Sherwood hitched the first time—long before he was a Pulitzer Prize winner and when he was only managing editor of the old, OLD Life. The account in one newspaper was headed, "Douglas Fairbanks an Usher."—John Chapman in *New York Daily News.*

"Will that paint be dry by tomorrow? I want to move back in tomorrow night."—*Il 420, Florence*

The Crisis *of* His Lifetime

—*and no lawyer within 100 miles!*

Oil on his land! That Saturday he'd gone fishing at the little shack he kept on a country acre or two he'd owned for years. And suddenly wealth beyond his wildest dreams dropped in his lap!

Over on the next section of land a neighbor had been quietly drilling for oil. Suddenly a gusher came in. The little patch of land on which his fishing shack stood sky-rocketed in value—from dollars-per-acre to dollars-per-foot! In an hour!

Now in front of him stood a representative of one of the great oil companies, offering a lease ready for his signature, insisting on immediate decision.

Dared he sign it? Did the words so clearly printed there mean, in law, what they seemed to mean in plain English? How could he, with only his everyday business experience, cope with a contract that *seemed* to make him wealthy for life, yet which *might* conceal hidden "jokers"?

Not a lawyer within a hundred miles—no one to turn to—little knowledge or experience of his own to help him out . . .

* * *

Many situations arise throughout every business man's life where legal training may save you from serious losses, may also point the way to real profits.

Not always is a lawyer available to help you in your hour of need. No telling, either, when the time will come! Sitting in a conference, suddenly called into a customer's office, unexpectedly asked an opinion by an important executive—only your *own* sound knowledge of legal principles—only a working knowledge of "First Aid Law"—will stand you in good stead. Perhaps no lawyer can be consulted; perhaps you do not even realize the need of consulting an attorney. It's squarely up to *YOU!*

Whether for personal or business values—*you need law!* But how can you ground yourself in both legal *knowledge* and that legal *training* of the mind that rewards its possessor so greatly in increased powers of analysis and of judgment, in ability to think clearly, to talk convincingly, to reason powerfully?

Ridiculous to think of going back to school—impossible to spend long hours in a law office—yet there is *one* road wide open to you. Home study! Yes, legal training at night, right in your own home, can give you an enviable knowledge of this subject which aids any business man and often helps its possessor to be selected for more rapid promotion—for the bigger executive jobs.

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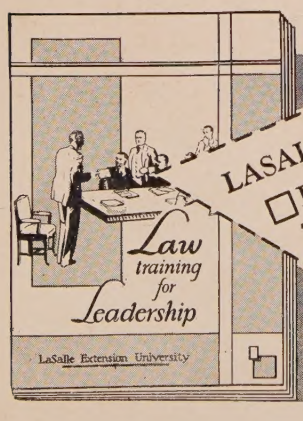
Send this coupon and get the facts—the intensely interesting book "Law Training for Leadership" which will come to you promptly—without the slightest obligation. It may change your entire future — assure increased income and success.



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